

239 p. 24

P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

WRITTEN BY

DR. THOMAS PARNELL,

Late Archdeacon of CLOGHER:

And published by Mr. P O P E.

Dignum laude virum musa vetat mori. HOR.

WITH

The LIFE of ZOILUS:

And his REMARKS on HOMER's Battle
of the Frogs and Mice.

A N E W E D I T I O N.

To which is prefixed,

The LIFE of Dr. P A R N E L L,

Written by Dr. GOLDSMITH.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. DAVIES, in Ruffel Street, Covent-Garden.

MDCCLXX,

P O E M S

SEVERAL OCCASIONS

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THE
L I F E

OF

THOMAS PARNELL, D.D.

THE life of a scholar seldom abounds with adventure. His fame is acquired in solitude, and the historian who only views him at a distance, must be content with a dry detail of actions by which he is scarce distinguished from the rest of mankind. But we are fond of talking of those who have given us pleasure; not that we have any thing important to say, but because the subject is pleasing.

Thomas Parnell, D.D. was descended from an ancient family, that had for some centuries been settled at Congleton in Cheshire. His father Thomas Parnell, who had been attached to the commonwealth party, upon the restoration went over to Ireland; thither he carried a large personal fortune,

time, which he laid out in lands in that kingdom. The estates he purchased there, as also that of which he was possessed in Cheshire, descended to our poet, who was his eldest son, and still remain in the family. Thus want, which has compelled many of our greatest men into the service of the Muses, had no influence upon Parnell; he was a poet by inclination.

He was born in Dublin, in the year 1679, and received the first rudiments of his education at the school of Doctor Jones in that city. Surprising things are told us of the greatness of his memory at that early period, as of his being able to repeat by heart forty lines of any book at the first reading; of his getting the third book of the Iliad in one night's time, which was given in order to confine him for some days. These stories which are told of almost every celebrated wit, may perhaps be true. But for my own part, I never found any of those prodigies of parts, although I have known enough that were delirious, among the ignorant, of being thought so.

There is one presumption, however, of the early maturity of his understanding. He was admitted a member of the college of Dublin at the age of thirteen, which is much sooner than usual, as at that university they are a great deal stricter in their examination for entrance, than either at Oxford or Cambridge. His progress through the college course of study was probably marked with but lit-

the splendour; his imagination might have been
 too warm to relish the cold logic of Burgerius,
 or the dreary subtleties of Smiglellus; but it is cer-
 tain, that as a classical scholar, few could equal him.
 His own compositions shew this, and the deference
 which the most eminent men of his time paid him
 upon that head, put it beyond a doubt. He took
 the degree of Master of Arts the ninth of July,
 1700, and in the same year, he was ordained a dea-
 con by William, bishop of Derry, having a dis-
 pensation from the primate, as being under twenty-
 three years of age. He was admitted into priest's
 orders about three years after, by William, archbi-
 shop of Dublin, and on the ninth of February,
 1705, he was collated by Sir George Ashe, bishop
 of Clogher, to the archdeaconry of Clogher. A-
 bout that time also he married Miss Anne Minchin,
 a young lady of great merit and beauty, by whom
 he had two sons, who died young, and one daughter,
 who is still living. His wife died some time before him,
 and her death is said to have made so great an impres-
 sion on his spirits, that it served to hasten his own.
 On the thirty-first of May, 1716, he was pre-
 sented, by his friend and patron archbishop King,
 to the vicarage of Finglas, a benefice worth about
 400 pounds a year, in the diocese of Dublin, but
 he lived to enjoy this preferment a very short time.
 He died at Chester, in July, 1718, on his way to
 Ireland, and was buried in Trinity church in that
 town, without any monument to mark the place of

his interment. As he died without male issue, his estate devolved to his only nephew, Sir John Parnell, baronet, whose father was younger brother to the archdeacon, and one of the justices of the King's Bench in Ireland.

Such is the very unpoetical detail of the life of a poet. Some dates, and a few facts scarce more interesting than those that make the ornaments of a country tomb-stone, are all that remain of one whose labours now begin to excite universal curiosity. A poet, while living, is seldom an object sufficiently great to attract much attention; his real merits are known but to a few, and these are generally sparing in their praises. When his fame is increased by time, it is then too late to investigate the peculiarities of his disposition; the dews of the morning are past, and we vainly try to continue the chase by the meridian splendour.

There is scarce any man but might be made the subject of a very interesting and amusing history, if the writer, beside a thorough acquaintance with the character he draws, were able to mark those nice distinctions which separate it from all others. The strongest minds have usually the most striking peculiarities, and would consequently afford the richest materials: but in the present instance, from not knowing Doctor Parnell, his peculiarities are gone to the grave with him, and we are obliged to take his character from such as knew but little of him; or who, perhaps, could have

have given very little information if they had known more.

PARNELL, by what I have been able to collect from my father and uncle, who knew him, was the most capable man in the world to make the happiness of those he conversed with, and the least able to secure his own. He wanted that evenness of disposition which bears disappointment with phlegm, and joy with indifference. He was ever very much elated or depressed; and his whole life spent in agony or rapture. But the turbulence of these passions only affected himself, and never those about him, he knew the ridicule of his own character, and very effectually raised the mirth of his companions, as well at his vexations as at his triumphs.

How much his company was desired, appears from the extensiveness of his connexions, and the number of his friends. Even before he made any figure in the literary world, his friendship was sought by persons of every rank and party. The wits at that time differed a good deal from those who are most eminent for their understanding at present. It would now be thought a very indifferent sign of a writer's good sense to disclaim his private friends for happening to be of a different party in politics; but it was then otherwise; the Whig wits held the Tory wits in great contempt, and these retaliated in their turn. At the head of one party were Addison, Steele, and Congreve; at that of the other, Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot.

Patnell was a friend to both sides; and with a liberality becoming a scholar, scorned all those trifling distinctions that are noisy for the times, and ridiculous to posterity. None did he emancipate himself from them without some opposition from home. Having been the son of a commonwealths man, his Tory connexions on this side of the water, gave his friends in Ireland great offence; they were much enrag'd to see him keep company with Pope, and Swift, and Gay; they blamed his undistinguishing taste, and wonder'd what pleasure he could find in the conversation of men who approved the Treaty of Utrecht and disliked the duke of Marlborough.

His conversation is said to have been extremely pleasing, but in what its peculiar excellence consisted is now unknown. The letters which were written to him by his friends, are all full of compliments upon his talents as a companion, and his good nature as a man. I have several of them. In 1716 before Pope was particularly fond of his company, and seems to regret his absence more than any of the rest. A letter from him follows thus:

Dear Sir,

London, July 29,

I With it were not as ungenerous as vain to complain too much of a man that forgets me, but I could expostulate with you a whole day upon your inhuman silence; I call it inhuman; nor would you think it less, if you were truly sensible

of the uneasiness it gives me. Did I know you so
 glad to think you proud, I would be much less
 concerned than I am able to be, when I know
 one of the softest natured men alive neglects me, of
 and if you know me so ill as to think amiss of me, it
 with regard to my friendship for you, you really
 do not deserve half the trouble you occasion me. I
 need not tell you, that both Mr Gay and my
 self have written several letters in vain, that we
 are constantly enquiring of all who have seen Dr
 Land, if they saw you, and that (forgotten as we
 are) we are every day remembering you in our
 most agreeable hours. All this is true, as that
 we are sincerely lovers of you, and deplores of
 your absence, and that we form no wish more ar-
 dently than that which brings you over to us, and
 places you in your old seat between us. We
 have lately had some distant hopes of the Dean's
 design to revisit England; will not you accom-
 pany him, nor is England to lose every thing
 that has any charms for us, and must we pray for
 banishment as a benediction. I have once been
 witness of some, I hope all of your splenetic
 hours, come and be a comforter in your turn to
 me, in mine. I am in such an unsettled state,
 that I can't tell if I shall ever see you, unless it be
 this year; whether I do or not, be ever assured
 you have as large a share of my thoughts and good
 wishes as any man, and as great a portion of
 gratitude in my heart as would enrich a monarch;
 could

' could he know where to find it: I shall not die
 ' without testifying something of this nature, and
 ' leaving to the world a memorial of the friendship
 ' that has been so great a pleasure and pride to me.
 ' It would be like writing my own epitaph, to ac-
 ' quaint you what I have lost since I saw you; what
 ' I have done, what I have thought, where I have
 ' lived, and where I now repose in obscurity. My
 ' friend Jervas, the bearer of this, will inform you
 ' of all particulars concerning me, and Mr. Ford is
 ' charged with a thousand loves, and a thousand
 ' complaints, and a thousand commissions to you
 ' on my part. They will both tax you with the
 ' neglect of some promises, which were too agreea-
 ' ble to us all to be forgot; if you care for any of
 ' us tell them so, and write so to me. I can say
 ' no more, but that I love you, and am in spite of
 ' the longest neglect or absence,

Dear Sir,

Your most faithful affectionate friend

And servant,

A. POPE.

' Gay is in Devonshire, and from thence goes to
 ' Bath; my father and mother never fail to com-
 ' memorate you.

Among

Among the number of his most intimate friends, was Lord Oxford, whom Pope has so finely complimented upon the delicacy of his choice.

For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For Swift and him, despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dextrous, the craving, fawning croud to quit,
And pleas'd to scape from flattery to wit.

Pope himself was not only excessively fond of his company, but under several literary obligations to him for his assistance in the translation of Homer. Gay was obliged to him upon another account; for being always poor, he was not above receiving from Parnell the copy-money which the latter got for his writings. Several of their letters, now before me, are proofs of this, and as they have never appeared before, it is probable the reader will be much better pleased with their idle effusions, than with any thing I can hammer out for his amusement.

Binfield, near Oakingham, Tuesday.

Dear S I R,

I Believe the hurry you were in hindred your giving me a word by the last post, so that I am yet to learn whether you got well to town

or

' or continue so there; I do very much fear both for
 ' your health and your quiet; and no man living
 ' can be more truly concerned in any thing that
 ' troubles either or than myself. I would comfort
 ' myself, however, with hopings that your business
 ' may not be unsuccessful; for your sake; and that,
 ' at least, it may soon be put into other proper
 ' hands. For my own; I beg earnestly of you to
 ' return to us as soon as possible. You know how
 ' very much I want you; and that however your
 ' business may depend upon any other, my busi-
 ' ness depends entirely upon you; and yet still I
 ' hope you will find your man, even though I lose
 ' you the mean while. At this time the more I
 ' love you the more I can spare you; which alone
 ' will, I daresay, be a reason to you to let me
 ' have you back the sooner. The minute I lost
 ' you, Eustathius with nine hundred pages, and
 ' nine thousand contractions of the Greek charac-
 ' ters, rose to my view! Spondanus with all his
 ' auxiliaries, in number a thousand pages, (value
 ' three shillings) and Dacier's three volumes, I
 ' Barne's two, Valterius's three, Cuperus, half in
 ' Greek, Leo Allatius, three parts in Greek & Scan-
 ' liger, Macrobius, and id (worse than them all)
 ' Aulus Gellius! All these rushed upon my soul at
 ' once, and whelmed me under a fit of the head-
 ' ach. I cursed them all religiously, damn'd my
 ' best friends among the rest, and even blasphemed
 ' Homer himself. Dear Sir, not only as you
 ' are

are his friend, and a good natured man; but as
 you are a christian, and a divine, send back
 speedily, and prevent the increase of my sins;
 for as the rate I have begun to raise, I shall
 not be able to stand; all high poets, and complemen-
 taries who have gone before me, but he damns
 myself by all who come after me. To be se-
 rious, you have not only left me to the last deli-
 gree impatient for your return, who at all times
 should have been so; (tho' never so much as
 since I know you in best health here) but you
 have wrought several miracles upon our family;
 you have made old people fond of a young and
 gay person; and inveterate papists of a clergyman
 of the church of England; even nurse herself is
 in danger of being in love in her old age, and
 (for all I know) would even marry Dennis for
 your sake, because he is your man, and loves his
 master. In short, come down forthwith, or give
 me good reasons for delaying, though but for a
 day or two, by the next post. If I find them just,
 I will come up to you, though you know how
 precious my time is at present; my hours were
 never worth so much money before. But I perhaps
 you are not sensible of this, who give away your
 own works. You are a generous author, and a
 hackney scribbler; you are a Grecian, and bred
 at an university; I a poor Englishman, of my
 own education; you are a reverend parson; I a
 layman. Dear Sir, not only as you
 are

wagg, in short, you are Dr. Parnelle, (with an
E at the end of your name) and I

Your most obliged and

Affectionate friend and

Faithful servant,

A. POPE

My hearty service to the Dean, Dr. Arbuth-
not, Mr. Ford, and the true genuine shepherd,
J. Gay of Devon, I expect him down with
you.

We may easily perceive by this, that Parnell
was not a little necessary to Pope in conducting
his translation; however he has worded it so am-
biguously, that it is impossible to bring the charge
directly against him. But he is much more expli-
cit, when he mentions his friend Gay's obliga-
tions in another letter, which he takes no pains
to conceal.

Dear SIR,

I Write to you with the same warmth, the
same zeal of good will and friendship with
which I used to converse with you two years
ago, and can't think myself absent, when I feel
you so much at my heart; the picture of you,
which

which Jervas brought me over, is infinitely less
 lively a representation, than that I carry about
 with me, and which rises to my mind whenever I
 think of you, I have many an agreeable reverie,
 through those woods and downs, where we once
 rambled together; my head is sometimes at
 the Bath, and sometimes at Letcomb, where
 the Dean makes a great part of my imagi-
 nary entertainment, this being the cheapest way
 of treating me; I hope he will not be displeased
 at this manner of paying my respects to him, in-
 stead of following my friend Jervas's example,
 which, to say the truth, I have as much inclina-
 tion to do as I want ability. I have been ever
 since December last in greater variety of business
 than any such men as you (that is, divines and
 philosophers,) can possibly imagine a reasonable
 creature capable of. Gay's play, among the rest,
 has cost much time and long suffering, to stem a
 tide of malice and party, that certain authors
 have raised against it; the best revenge upon such
 fellows, is now in my hands, I mean your Zoi-
 lus, which really transcends the expectation I
 had conceived of it. I have put it into the press,
 beginning with the poem *Batrachion*: for you
 seem by the first paragraph of the dedication to
 it, to design to prefix the name of some particu-
 lar person. I beg therefore to know for whom
 you intend it, that the publication may not be
 delayed on this account, and this as soon as is
 possible.

impossible to inform me also upon what terms I am
to deal with the bookseller, and whether you de-
sign to buy money for Gay, as you formerly
of talk'd; what number of books you would have
him furnish; &c. I fear I see any thing to be altered
in this whole piece; in the poems you sent I
will take the liberty you allow me, the story of
Pandion, and the Eclogue upon Health, are two
of the most beautiful things I ever read. I don't
say this to the prejudice of the rest, but as I
have read these oftner. Let me know how far my
commission is to extend, and be confident of my
punctual performance of whatever you enjoin.
I must add a paragraph on this occasion, in re-
gard to Mr. Ward, whose verses have been a
great pleasure to me; I will contrive they shall be
sent to the world, whenever I can find a proper op-
portunity of publishing them.
I shall very soon print an entire collection of
my own madrigals, which I look upon as mak-
ing my last will and testament, since in it I shall
give all I ever intend to give, (which I'll beg
of yours and the Dean's acceptance of) you must
look on me no more a poet, but a plain com-
moner, who lives upon his own, and fears and
flatters no man. I hope before I die to discharge
the debt I owe to Homer, and get upon the whole
just fame enough to serve for an annuity for my
own times, though I leave nothing to posterity.
I beg our correspondence may be more frequent
god

than it has been of late. I am sure my esteem
and love for you never more deserved it from you,
or more prompted it from you. I desired our friend
Jervas, (in the greatest hurry of my business) to
say a great deal in my name, both to yourself and
the Dean, and must once more repeat the as-
surances to you both, of an unchanging friendship
and unalterable esteem. I am, dear Sir, most entirely
Your affectionate,

Faithful, obliged friend and servant,
A. POPE.

From these letters to Parnell, we may conclude,
as far as their testimony can go, that he was un-
greeable, a generous, and a sincere man. Indeed
he took care that his friends should always see him
to the best advantage; for when he found his fits
of spleen and uneasiness, which sometimes lasted
for weeks together, returning, he returned with all
expedition to the remote parts of Ireland, and there
made out a gloomy kind of satisfaction, in giving hi-
deous descriptions of the solitude to which he retired.
It is said of a famous painter, that being confined in
prison for debt, his whole delight consisted in draw-
ing the faces of his creditors in caricature. It was
just so with Parnell. From many of his unpub-
lished pieces which I have seen, and from others
that have appeared, it would seem, that scarce a

bog in his neighbourhood, was left without re-
 proach, and scarce a mountain reared its head unsung.
 "I can easily," says Pope, in one of his letters, in
 answer to a dreary description of Parnell's. "I
 can easily image to my thoughts the solitary
 hours of your eremitical life in the mountains,
 from something parallel to it in my own retire-
 ment at Binfield;" and in another place; "We
 are both miserably enough situated, God knows;
 but of the two evils, I think the solitudes of the
 South are to be preferred to the desarts of the
 West." In this manner Pope answered him in
 the tone of his own complaints; and these descrip-
 tions of the imagined distresses of his situation,
 served to give him a temporary relief: they threw
 off the blame from himself, and laid upon fortune
 and accident, a wretchedness of his own cre-
 ating.

But though this method of quarrelling in his
 poems with his situation served to relieve himself,
 yet it was not so easily endured by the gentlemen
 of the neighbourhood, who did not care to confess
 themselves his fellow sufferers. He received many
 mortifications upon that account among them; for
 being naturally fond of company, he could not en-
 dure to be without even theirs, which however, a-
 mong his English friends, he pretended to despise.
 In fact, his conduct, in this particular, was rather
 splendid than wise; he had either lost the art to
 engage, or did not employ his skill, in securing
 those

those more permanent, tho' more humble connexions, and sacrificed for a month or two in England a whole year's happiness by his country fire-side at home.

However, what he permitted the world to see of his life was elegant and splendid; his fortune (for a poet) was very considerable; and it may easily be supposed he lived to the very extent of it. The fact is, his expences were greater than his income, and his successor found the estate somewhat impaired at his decease. As soon as ever he had collected in his annual revenues, he immediately set out for England, to enjoy the company of his dearest friends, and laugh at the more prudent world that were minding business and gaining money. The friends, to whom, during the latter part of his life, to was chiefly attached, were Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Jervas, and Gay. Among these he was particularly happy, his mind was entirely at ease, and gave a loose to every harmless folly that came uppermost. Indeed it was a society, in which of all others, a wise man might be most foolish without incurring any danger of contempt. Perhaps the reader will be pleased to see a letter to him from a part of this junto, as there is something striking even in the levities of genius. It comes from Gay, Jervas, Arbuthnot, and Pope, assembled at a chop-house near the Exchange, and is as follows:

My

shall be to hear from you; which next to seeing
you, would be the greatest satisfaction to

My dear ^{and} Mr. B. Your most affectionate friend

I Was last summer in Devonshire, and am this
winter at Mrs. Bonyer's. In the summer I
wrote a poem, and in the winter I have publish-
ed it; which I have sent to you by Dr. Elwood.
In the summer I eat two dishes of toad-stools of
my own gathering, instead of mushrooms, and
in the winter I have been sick with wine, as I
am at this time, blessed be God for it, as I must
bless God for all things. In the summer I spoke
truth to damsels; in the winter I told lies to
ladies. Now you know where I have been, and
what I have done. I shall tell you what I in-
tend to do the ensuing summer; I propose to do
the same thing I did last, which was to meet you
in any part of England, you would appoint;
don't let me have two disappointments. I have
longed to hear from you, and to that intent
teazed you with three or four letters, but having no
answer, I feared both yours and my letters might
have miscarried. I hope my performance will
please the Dean, whom I often wish for, and to
whom I would have often wrote; but for the
same reasons I neglected writing to you. I hope
I need not tell you how I love you, and how glad I
shall

shall be to hear from you; which next to seeing
you, would be the greatest satisfaction to

Your most affectionate friend and

Humble servant,

Dear Mr. ARCHDEACON,

THOUGH my proportion of this epistle
should be but a sketch in miniature, yet I
take up half this page, having paid my club with
the good company both for our dinner of chops
and for this paper. The poets will give you
lively descriptions in their way; I shall only
acquaint you with that, which is directly my pro-
vince. I have just set the last hand to a couplet,
for so I may call two nymphs in one piece. They
are Pope's favourites, and though few, you will
guess must have cost me more pains than any
nymphs can be worth. He has been so unreason-
able to expect that I should have made them as
beautiful upon canvas as he has done upon paper.
If this same Mr. P— should omit to write for
the dear Frogs, and the Pervigilium, I must in-
treat you not to let me languish for them, as I
have done ever since they cross'd the seas;
Remember by what neglects, &c. we miss'd
them when we lost you, and therefore I have not

yet forgiven any of those triflers that let them
escape and run those hazards. I am going on at
the old rate, and want you and the Dean prodigiously, and am in hopes of making you a visit
this summer, and of hearing from you both now
you are together. Fortescue, I am sure, will be
concerned that he is not in Cornhill, to let his
hand to these presents, not only as a witness, but
as a

Serviteur tres humble

C. JERVAS.

It is so great an honour to a poor Scotchman to
be remembered at this time a day, especially by
an inhabitant of the *Glacialis Ierne*, that I take
it very thankfully, and have with my good
friends, remembered you at our table in the
chop-house in Exchange-Alley. There wanted no-
thing to compleat our happiness but your compa-
ny and our dear friend the Dean's. I am sure the
whole entertainment would have been to his relish.
Gay has got so much money by his art of walk-
ing the streets, that he is ready to set up his equi-
page: he is just going to the Bank to negotiate
some exchange bills. Mr. Pope delays his second
volume of his *Homer* till the martial spirit of the
rebels is quite quelled, it being judged that the
first part did some harm that way. Our love a-
gain

gain and again to the dear Dean, *fuius Torys*

I can say no more.

ARBUTHNOT.

When a man is conscious that he does no good himself, the next thing is to cause others to do some. I may claim some merit this way, in hastening this testimonial from your friends above-writing: their love to you indeed wants no spur,

their ink wants no pen, their pen wants no hand,

their hand wants no heart, and so forth, (after

the manner of *Rabelais*; which is betwixt some

meaning and no meaning;) and yet it may be

said, when present thought and opportunity is

wanting, their pens want ink, their hands want

pens, their hearts want hands, &c. till time,

place and conveniency concur to let them a writ-

ting, as at present, a sociable meeting, a good

dinner, warm fire, and an easy situation do, to

the joint labour and pleasure of this epistle.

Wherein if I should say nothing I should say

much, (much being included in my love) though

my love be such, that if I should say much, I

should yet say nothing, it being (as *Cowley* says)

equally impossible either to conceal or to ex-

press it.

If I were to tell you the thing I wish above all

things, it is to see you again; the next is to see

here your treatise of *Zoilus*, with the *Batrachomy-*

machia, and the *Pervigilium Veneris*, both which

poems are masterpieces in several kinds: and I question not the prose is as excellent in its sort, as the Essay on Homer. Nothing can be more glorious to that great author, than that the same hand that raised his best statue, and decked it with its old laurels, should also hang up the scare-crow of his miserable critick, and gibbet up the carcase of *Zgilus*, to the terror of the wittings of posterity. More, and much more, upon this and a thousand other subjects, will be the matter of my next letter, wherein I must open all the friend to you. At this time I must be content with telling you, I am faithfully your most affectionate and

Humble servant,

A. POPE.

If we regard this letter with a critical eye, we shall find it indifferent enough, if we consider it as mere effusion of friendship, in which every writer contended in affection, it will appear much to the honour of those who wrote it. To be mindful of an absent friend in the hours of mirth and feasting, when his company is least wanted, shews no slight degree of sincerity. Yet probably there was still another motive for writing thus to him in conjunction. The above-named, together with Swift and Bannell, had sometime before formed themselves

themselves into a society called the Scribblers Club, and I should suppose they commemorated him thus, as being an absent member.

It is past a doubt that they wrote many things in conjunction, and Gay usually held the pen. And yet I don't remember any productions which were the joint effort of this society as doing it honour. There is something feeble and quaint in all their attempts, as if company, repressed thought, and genius wanted solitude for its boldest and happiest exertions. Of those productions in which Parnell had a principal share, that of the origin of the sciences from the monkeys in Ethiopia, is particularly mentioned by Pope himself, in some manuscript anecdotes which he left behind him. The life of Homer also prefixed to the translation of the Iliad, is written by Parnell and corrected by Pope; and as that great poet assures us in the same place, this correction was not effected without great labour. *It is still stiff, says he, and was written still stiffer, as it is. I verily think, it cost me more pains in the correcting than the writing it would have done.* All this may be easily credited; for every thing of Parnell's that has appeared in prose is written in a very awkward inelegant manner. It is true, his productions teem with imagination, and shew great learning, but they want that ease and sweetness for which his poetry is so much admired, and the language is also most shamefully incorrect. Yet, tho' all this must be allowed, Pope should have taken care not to leave his errors upon record against him,

him, or put it in the power of envy to tax his friend with faults that do not appear in what he has left to the world. A poet has a right to expect the same secrecy in his friend as in his confessor; the sins he discovers are not divulged for punishment but pardon. Indeed Pope is almost inexcusable in this instance; as what he seems to condemn in one place he very much applauds in another. In one of the letters from him to Parnell, abovementioned, he treats the life of Homer with much greater respect, and seems to say, that the prose is excellent in its kind. It must be confessed however, that he is by no means inconsistent; what he says in both places may very easily be reconciled to truth, but who can defend his candour and his sincerity? —

It would be hard however to suppose that there was no real friendship between these great men. The benevolence of Parnell's disposition remains unimpeached; and Pope, tho' subject to starts of passion and envy, yet never missed an opportunity of being truly serviceable to him. The commerce between them was carried on to the common interest of both. — When Pope had a miscellany to publish, he applied to Parnell for poetical assistance, and the latter as implicitly submitted to him for correction. Thus they mutually advanced each other's interest or fame, and grew stronger by conjunction. Nor was Pope the only person to whom Parnell had recourse for assistance. We learn from Swift's letters

ters to Stella, that he submitted his pieces to all his friends, and readily adopted their alterations. Swift among the number was very useful to him in that particular; and care has been taken that the world should not remain ignorant of the obligation.

But in the connexion of wits, interest has generally very little share; they have only pleasure in view, and can seldom find it but among each other. The Scriblerus club, when the members were in town, were seldom asunder, and they often made excursions together into the country; and generally on foot. Swift was usually the butt of the company, and if a trick was played, he was always the sufferer. The whole party once agreed to walk down to the house of Lord B——, who is still living, and whose seat is about twelve miles from town. As every one agreed to make the best of his way, Swift, who was remarkable for walking, soon left all the rest behind him, fully resolved upon his arrival, to chuse the very best bed for himself, for that was his custom. In the mean time Parnell was determined to prevent his intentions, and taking horse, arrived at Lord B——'s, by another way, long before him. Having apprized his lordship of Swift's design, it was resolved at any rate to keep him out of the house, but how to effect this was the question. Swift never had the small-pox, and was very much afraid of catching it, as soon therefore as he appeared striding along at
some

some distance from the house, one of his lordship's servants was dispatched, to inform him, that the small-pox was then making great ravages in the family, but that there was a summer-house with a field-bed at his service at the end of the garden. There the disappointed Dean was obliged to retire, and take a cold supper that was sent out to him, while the rest were feasting within. However, at last, they took compassion on him; and upon his promising never to chuse the best bed again, they permitted him to make one of the company.

There is something satisfactory in these accounts of the follies of the wife, they give a natural air to the picture, and reconcile us to our own. There have been few poetical societies, more talked of, or productive of a greater variety of whimsical conceits than this of the Scriblerus club, but how long it lasted I cannot exactly determine. The whole of Parnell's poetical existence was not of more than eight or ten years continuance; his first excursions to England began about the year 1706, and he died in the year 1718, so that it is probable the club began with him, and his death ended the connexion. Indeed the festivity of his conversation, the benevolence of his heart, and the generosity of his temper, were qualities that might serve to cement any society, and that could hardly be replaced when he was taken away. During the two or three last years of his life, he was more fond of company than ever, and could scarce bear

to be alone. The death of his wife, it is said, was a loss to him that he was unable to support or recover. From that time he could never venture to court the muse in solitude, where he was sure to find the image of her who first inspired his attempts. He began therefore to throw himself into every company, and to seek from wine, if not relief, at least insensibility. Those helps that sorrow first called in for assistance, habit soon rendered necessary, and he died before his fortieth year, in some measure a martyr to conjugal fidelity.

Thus in the space of a very few years Parnell, attained a share of fame, equal to what most of his cotemporaries were a long life in acquiring. He is only to be considered as a poet, and the universal esteem in which his poems are held, and the reiterated pleasure they give in the perusal, are a sufficient test of their merit. He appears to me to be the last of that great school that had modelled itself upon the ancients, and taught English poetry to resemble what the generality of mankind have allowed to excel. A studious and correct observer of antiquity, he set himself to consider nature with the lights it lent him, and he found that the more aid he borrowed from the one, the more delightfully he resembled the other. To copy nature is a task the most bungling workman is able to execute, to select such parts as contribute to delight, is reserved only for those whom accident has blest with uncommon talents, or such as have read the ancients

with indefatigable industry. Parnell is ever happy in the selection of his images, and scrupulously careful in the choice of his subjects. His productions bear no resemblance to those rawdy things, which it has for some time been the fashion to admire; in writing which the poet sits down without any plan, and heaps up splendid images without any selection; where the reader grows dizzy with praise and admiration, and yet soon grows weary, he can scarce tell why. Our poet, on the contrary, gives out his beauties with a more sparing hand; he is still carrying his reader forward, and just gives him refreshment sufficient to support him to his journey's end. At the end of his course the reader regrets that his way has been so short, he wonders that it gave him so little trouble, and so resolves to go the journey over again.

His poetical language is not less correct than his subjects are pleasing. He found it at that period, in which it was brought to its highest pitch of refinement; and ever since his time it has been gradually debasing. It is indeed amazing, after what has been done by Dryden, Addison, and Pope, to improve and harmonize our native tongue, that their successors should have taken so much pains to involve it in pristine barbarity. These misguided innovators have not been content with restoring antiquated words and phrases, but have indulged themselves in the most licentious transpositions, and the barthest constructions, vainly imagining that the

more

more their writings are unlike prose, the more they resemble poetry. They have adopted a language of their own, and call upon mankind for admiration. All those who do not understand them are silent, and those who make out their meanings are willing to praise, to shew they understand. From these follies and affectations, the poems of Parnell are entirely free; he has considered the language of poetry as the language of life, and conveys the warmest thoughts in the simplest expression.

Parnell has written several poems besides these published by Pope, and some of them have been made public with very little credit to his reputation. There are still many more that have not yet seen the light, in the possession of Sir John Parnell his nephew, who from that laudable zeal which he has for his uncle's reputation, will probably be slow in publishing what he may even suspect will do it injury. Of those in the following collection, some are in different, and some moderately good, but the greater part are excellent. A slight stricture on the most striking, shall conclude this account, which I have already drawn out to a disproportioned length.

Hesiod, or the Rise of Woman is a very fine illustration of an hint from Hesiod. It was one of his earliest productions, and first appeared in a miscellany, published by Tonsom.

Of the three songs that follow, two of them were written upon the lady he afterwards married; they were the genuine dictates of his passion, but are not excellent in their kind.

The

The Anacreontic beginning with *When spring came*
in with fresh delight, is taken from a French poet,
 whose name I forget, and as far as I am able to judge
 of the French language, is better than the original.
 The Anacreontic that follows, *Gay Bacchus, &c.* is
 also a translation of a Latin poem, by Aurelius Au-
 gurellus, an Italian poet, beginning with
Inibat olim Bacchus ad cœnam suas.
Comum, Jocum, Cupidinem.

Parnell, when he translated it, applied the char-
 acters to some of his friends, and as it was written
 for their entertainment, it probably gave them more
 pleasure than it has given the public in the perusal.
 It seems to have more spirit than the original; but it
 is extraordinary that it was published as an original
 and not as a translation. Pope should have ac-
 knowledged it, as he knew.

The *Fairy Tale* is incontestably one of the finest
 pieces in any language. The old dialect is not per-
 fectly well preserved, but that is a very slight defect
 where all the rest is so excellent.

The *Pervigilium Veneris*, (which, by the bye,
 does not belong to Catullus) is very well versified,
 and in general all Parnell's translations are excel-
 lent. *The Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, which follows,
 is done as well as the subject would admit; but
 there is a defect in the translation, which sinks it
 below the original, and which it was impossible to
 remedy. I mean the names of the combatants
 which in the Greek bear a ridiculous allusion to
 their

their natures, have no force to the English reader. A Bacon Eater was a good name for a mouse, and *Pternotractas* in Greek, was a very good sounding word, that conveyed that meaning. Puff-cheek would sound odiously as a name for a frog, and yet *Phygnathos* does admirably well in the original.

The letter to Mr. Pope is one of the finest compliments that ever was paid to any poet; the description of his situation at the end of it is very fine, but far from being true. That part of it where he deploras his being far from wit and learning, as being far from Pope, gave particular offence to his friends at home. Mr. Coote, a gentleman in his neighbourhood, who thought that he himself had wit, was very much displeased with Parnell for casting his eyes so far off for a learned friend, when he could so conveniently be supplied at home.

The translation of a part of the *Rape of the Lock* into monkish verse, serves to shew what a master Parnell was of the Latin; a copy of verses made in this manner, is one of the most difficult trifles that can possibly be imagined. I am assured that it was written upon the following occasion. Before the *Rape of the Lock* was yet completed, Pope was reading it to his friend Swift, who sat very attentively, while Parnell, who happened to be in the house, went in and out without seeming to take any notice. However he was very diligently employed in listening, and was able, from the strength of his memory, to bring away the whole description

description of the toilet pretty exactly. This he verified in the manner now published in his works, and the next day when Pope was reading his poem to some friends, Parnell insisted that he had stolen that part of the description from an old monkish manuscript. An old paper with the Latin verses was soon brought forth, and it was not till after some time that Pope was delivered from the confusion which it at first produced.

The *Book-Worm* is another unacknowledged translation from a Latin poem by Beza. It was the fashion with the wits of the last age, to conceal the places from whence they took their hints or their subjects. A trifling acknowledgment would have made that lawful prize, which may now be considered as plunder.

The *Night Piece on Death*, deserves every praise, and I should suppose with very little amendment, might be made to surpass all those night pieces and church yard scenes that have since appeared. But the poem of Parnell's, best known, and on which his best reputation is grounded, is the *Hermit*. Pope, speaking of this, in those manuscript anecdotes already quoted, says, that the poem is very good. The story, continues he, was written originally in Spanish, whence probably Howell had translated it into prose, and inserted it in one of his letters. Addison liked the scheme, and was not disinclined to come into it. However this may be, Dr. Henry More, in his Dialogues, has the very same story;
and

and I have been informed by some, that it is originally of Arabian invention.

With respect to the prose works of Parnell, I have mentioned them already; his fame is too well grounded for any defects in them to shake it. I will only add, that the Life of Zoilus, was written at the request of his friends, and designed as a satire upon Dennis and Theobald, with whom his club had long been at variance. I shall end this account with a letter to him from Pope and Gay, in which they endeavour to hasten him to finish that production.

London, March 18.

Dear S I R,

I Must own I have long owed you a letter, but
 ' you must own you have owed me one a good
 ' deal longer. Besides I have but two people in the
 ' whole kingdom of Ireland to take care of; the
 ' Dean and you: but you have several who complain
 ' of your neglect in England. Mr. Gay complains,
 ' Mr. Harcourt complains, Mr. Jarvas complains,
 ' Dr. Arbuthnot complains, my Lord complains; I
 ' complain. (Take notice of this figure of iteration,
 ' when you make your next sermon) some say, you
 ' are in deep discontent at the new turn of affairs;
 ' others, that you are so much in the Archbishop's
 ' good graces, that you will not correspond with
 ' any that have seen the last ministry. Some affirm,
 ' you have quarrel'd with Pope, (whose friends they
 ' observe daily fall from him on account of his sa-
 ' tyrical,

' tyrical and comical disposition) others that you
 ' are insinuating yourself into the opinion of the
 ' ingenious Mr. What - do - ye - call - him. Some
 ' think you are preparing your sermons for the press,
 ' and others that you will transform them into essays
 ' and moral discourses. But the only excuse, that
 ' I will allow is, your attention to the life of *Zoilus*,
 ' the Frogs already seem to croak for their transpor-
 ' tation to England, and are sensible how much that
 ' Doctor is cursed and hated, who introduced their
 ' species into your nation; therefore, as you dread
 ' the wrath of St. Patrick, send them hither, and rid
 ' your kingdom of those pernicious and loquacious
 ' Animals.

' I have at length recieved your poem out of Mr.
 ' Addison's hands, which shall be sent as soon as
 ' you order it, and in what manner you shall appoint.
 ' I shall in the mean time give Mr. Tooke a packet
 ' for you, consisting of divers merry pieces. Mr.
 ' Gay's new farce, Mr. Burnet's letter to Mr.
 ' Pope, Mr. Pope's Temple of Fame, Mr. Thomas
 ' Burnet's Grumbler on Mr. Gay, and the Bishop of
 ' Ailisbury's Elegy, written either by Mr. Cary or
 ' some other hand.

' *Mr. Pope is reading a letter, and in the mean*
 ' *time, I make use of the pen to testify my unea-*
 ' *siness in not hearing from you. I find suc-*
 ' *cess, even in the most trivial things, raises the*
 ' *indignation of scribblers: for I, for my What-*
 ' *d'-ye-call-it, could neither escape the fury of*
 ' Mr.

' Mr. Burnet, or the German Doctor ; then where
 ' will rage end, when Homer is to be translated ?
 ' let *Zoilus* hasten to your friend's assistance, and
 ' envious criticism shall be no more. I am in
 ' hopes that we may order our affairs so as to meet
 ' this summer at the Bath ; for Mr. Pope and my-
 ' self have thoughts of taking a trip thither. You
 ' shall preach, and we will write lampoons ; for it is
 ' esteemed as great an honour to leave the Bath, for
 ' fear of a broken head, as for a *Terræ Filius* of
 ' Oxford to be expelled. I have no place at court,
 ' therefore, that I may not entirely be without one
 ' every where, shew that I have a place in your re-
 ' membrance ;

' Your most affectionate,

' Faithful servant,

' A. POPE, and J. GAY.

' Homer will be published in three weeks.

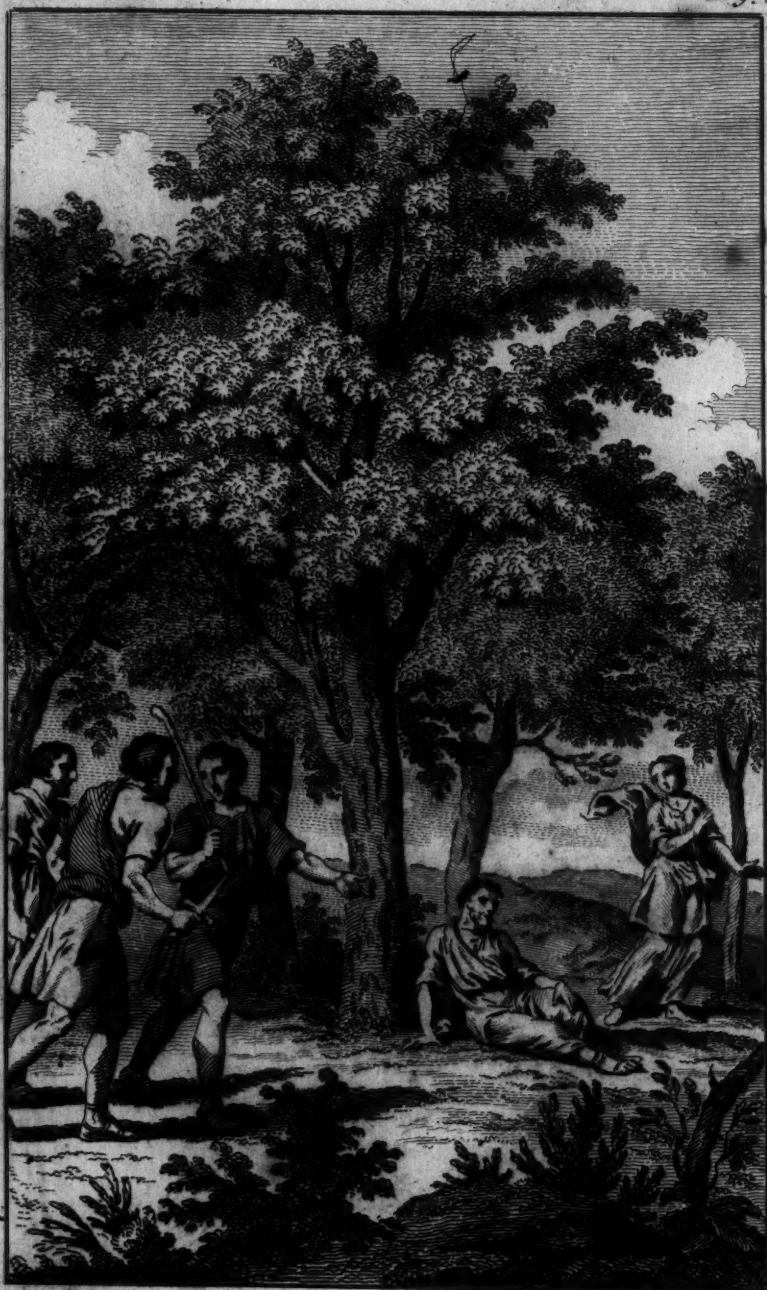
* I cannot finish this trifle, without returning my sincerest
 acknowledgments to Sir John Parnell for the generous assis-
 tance he was pleased to give me, in furnishing me with
 many materials, when he heard I was about writing the life
 of his uncle ; as also to Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, relations of
 our poet ; and to my very good friend Mr. Steevens, who,
 being an ornament to letters himself, is very ready to assist all
 the attempts of others.

My dear Sir,
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the matter of the German Doctor, and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours obedient servant,
J. C. [Signature]

Yours truly,
J. C. [Signature]

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the matter of the German Doctor, and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours obedient servant,
J. C. [Signature]

T. O.



J. Wale del.

C. Grignion sculp.

Ye future bards beware
How far your moral tales incense the fair.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
ROBERT,
EARL OF OXFORD.

AND
EARL MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes, thy once-lov'd Poet sung,
'Till death untimely stop'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh just beheld, and lost! admir'd, and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts, adorn'd!
Blest in each science, blest in ev'ry strain!
Dear to the Muse, to HARLEY dear—in vain!

B

For

For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,
 Fond to forget the statesman in the friend:
 For SWIFT and him, despis'd the farce of state,
 The sober follies of the wise and great;
 Dextrous, the craving, fawning croud to quit,
 And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
 (A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)
 Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,
 Still hear thy PARNEEL in his living lays:
 Who, careless now, of int'rest, fame, or fate,
 Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great;
 Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,
 Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

And sure, if ought below the seats divine
 Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine:
 A soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,
 Above all pain, all anger, and all pride,
 The rage of pow'r, the blast of public breath,
 The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to desarts thy retreat is made;
 The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
 'Tis her's, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
 Re-judge his acts, and dignify disgrace,

When

D E D I C A T I O N. iii

When int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,
 When all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain;
 She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
 When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.
 E'en now she shades thy evening-walk with bays,
 (No hireling she, no prostitute to praise)
 E'en now, observant of the parting ray,
 Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various day,
 Thro' fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
 Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he.

SEPT. 25,
 1721.

A. POPE.

B 2

HESIOD:

RECEIVED

When interest calls off the dog, the dog barks.

[illegible]

no water or to the land, or the cell.

...when the

...Hilf mir das, was ich dir geschrieben habe...

No handling fee, no minimum quantity.

... on work, obtained of the company.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

[illegible]

10

H E S I O D :

OR, THE

RISE of W O M A N.

WHAT antient times (those times we fancy
wife)

Have left on long record of woman's rise,
What morals teach it, and what fables hide,
What author wrote it, how that author dy'd,
All these I sing. In Greece they fram'd the tale;
(In Greece 'twas thought, a woman might be frail)
Ye modern Beauties ! where the Poet drew
His softest pencil, think he dreamt of you ;
And warn'd by him, ye wanton pens, beware
How heav'n's concern'd to vindicate the Fair.
The case was Hesiod's ; he the fable writ ;
Some think with meaning, some with idle wit :
Perhaps 'tis either, as the Ladies please ;
I wave the contest, and commence the lays.

In

In days of yore, (no matter where or when,
'Twas ere the low creation swarm'd with men)
That one Prometheus, sprung of heavenly birth,
(Our Author's song can witness) liv'd on earth.
He carv'd the turf to mold a manly frame,
And stole from Jove his animating flame.
The sly contrivance o'er Olympus ran,
When thus the monarch of the stars began.

Oh vers'd in arts ! whose daring thoughts aspire,
To kindle clay with never-dying fire !
Enjoy thy glory past, that gift was thine ;
The next thy creature meets, be fairly mine :
And such a gift, a vengeance so design'd,
As suits the counsel of a God to find ;
A pleasing bosom-cheat, a specious ill,
Which felt they curse, yet covet still to feel.

He said, and Vulcan strait the Sire commands,
To temper mortar with ethereal hands ;
In such a shape to mold a rising Fair,
As virgin goddesses are proud to wear ;
To make her eyes with diamond-water shine,
And form her organs for a voice divine.
'Twas thus the Sire ordain'd ; the Pow'r obey'd ;
And work'd, and wonder'd at the work he made ;

The fairest, softest, sweetest frame beneath,
Now made to seem, now more than seem to breathe.

As Vulcan ends, the chearful Queen of charms,
Clasp'd the new-panting creature in her arms ;
From that embrace a fine complexion spread,
Where mingled whiteness glow'd with softer red.
Then in a kiss she breath'd her various arts,
Of trifling prettily with wounded hearts ;
A mind for love, but still a changing mind ;
The lisp affected, and the glance design'd ;
The sweet confusing blush, the secret wink,
The gentle-swimming walk, the courteous sink ;
The stare for strangeness fit, for scorn the frown ;
For decent yielding, looks declining down ;
The practis'd languish, where well-feign'd desire
Would own its melting in a mutual fire ;
Gay smiles to comfort ; April show'rs to move ;
And all the nature, all the art of love.

Gold-scepter'd Juno next exalts the Fair ;
Her touch endows her with imperious air,
Self-valuing fancy, highly-crested pride,
Strong sov'reign will, and some desire to chide :
For which, an eloquence, that aims to vex,
With native tropes of anger, arms the sex.

Minerva,

Minerva, skilful Goddeſs, train'd the maid
 To twirl the ſpindle by the twiſting thread,
 To fix the loom, inſtruct the reeds to part,
 Croſs the long weſt, and cloſe the web with art,
 An uſeful gift ; but what profuſe expence,
 What world of faſhions, took its riſe from hence !

Young Hermes next, a cloſe contriving God,
 Her brows encircled with his ſerpent rod :
 Then plots and fair excuſes fill'd her brain,
 The views of breaking am'rous vows for gain ;
 The price of favours ; the deſigning arts
 That aim at riches in contempt of hearts ;
 And for a comfort in the marriage life,
 The little, pilf'ring temper of a wife.

Full on the Fair his beams Apollo ſlung,
 And fond perſuaſion tip'd her eaſy tongue ;
 He gave her words, where oily flatt'ry lays
 The pleaſing colours of the art of praiſe ;
 And wit, to ſcandal exquisitely prone,
 Which frets another's ſpleen to cure its own.

Thoſe ſacred Virgins whom the Bards revere,
 Tun'd all her voice, and ſhed a ſweetneſs there,
 To make her ſenſe with double charms abound,
 Or make her lively nonſenſe pleaſe by ſound.

To dress the maid, the decent Graces brought
A robe in all the dyes of beauty wrought,
And plac'd their boxes o'er a rich brocade,
Where pictur'd Loves on ev'ry cover play'd ;
Then spread those implements that Vulcan's art
Had fram'd to merit Cytherea's heart ;
The wire to curl, the close-indented comb
To call the locks that lightly wander, home ;
And chief, the mirrour, where the ravish'd maid
Beholds and loves her own reflected shade.

Fair Flora lent her stores ; the purpled Hours
Confin'd her tresses with a wreath of flow'rs ;
Within the wreath arose a radiant crown ;
A veil pellucid hung depending down ;
Back roll'd her azure veil with serpent fold,
The purpled border deck'd the floor with gold.
Her robe (which closely by the girdle brac'd
Reveal'd the beauties of a slender waist)
Flow'd to the feet, to copy Venus' air,
When Venus' statues have a robe to wear.

The new-sprung creature finish'd thus for harms,
Adjusts her habit, practises her charms,
With blushes glows, or shines with lively smiles,
Confirms her will, or recollects her wiles :

Then

Then conscious of her worth, with easy pace
Glides by the glass, and turning views her face.

A finer flax than what they wrought before,
Thro' time's deep cave, the Sister Fates explore,
Then fix the loom, their fingers nimbly weave,
And thus their toil prophetic songs deceive.

Flow from the rock, my flax! and swiftly flow,
Pursue thy thread; the spindle runs below.
A creature fond and changing, fair and vain,
The creature woman, rises now to reign.
New beauty blooms, a beauty form'd to fly;
New love begins, a love produc'd to die;
New parts distress the troubled scenes of life,
The fondling mistress, and the ruling wife.

Men, born to labour, all with pains provide;
Women have time, to sacrifice to pride:
They want the care of man, their want they know,
And dress to please with heart-alluring show,
The show prevailing, for the sway contend,
And make a servant where they meet a friend.

Thus in a thousand wax-erected forts
A loitering race the painful bee supports,
From sun to sun, from bank to bank he flies,
With honey loads his bag, with wax his thighs;

Fly

Fly where he will, at home the race remain,
Prune the silk dress, and murm'ring eat the gain.

Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride,
Whose temper betters by the father's side ;
Unlike the rest that double human care,
Fond to relieve, or resolute to share :
Happy the man whom thus his stars advance !
The curse is gen'ral, but the blessing chance.

Thus sung the Sisters, while the Gods admire
Their beauteous creature, made for man in ire ;
'The young Pandora she, whom all contend
To make too perfect not to gain her end :
Then bid the winds that fly to breathe the spring,
Return to bear her on a gentle wing ;
With wafting airs the winds obsequious blow,
And land the shining vengeance safe below.
A golden coffer in her hand she bore,
The present treach'rous, but the bearer more,
'Twas fraught with pangs ; for Jove ordain'd above,
That gold should aid, and pangs attend on love.

Her gay descent the man perceiv'd afar,
Wond'ring he run to catch the falling star ;
But so surpriz'd, as none but he can tell,
Who lov'd so quickly, and who lov'd so well.

O'er

O'er all his veins the wand'ring passion burns,
He calls her Nymph, and ev'ry Nymph by turns.
Her form to lovely Venus he prefers,
Or swears that Venus' must be such as hers.
She, proud to rule, yet strangely fram'd to teaze,
Neglects his offers while her airs she plays,
Shoots scornful glances from the bended frown,
In brisk disorder trips it up and down,
Then hums a careless tune to lay the storm,
And sits, and blushes, smiles, and yields, in form.

“ Now take what Jove design'd, she softly cry'd,
“ This box thy portion, and myself thy bride :”

Fir'd with the prospect of the double charms,
He snatch'd the box, and bride, with eager arms.

Unhappy man ! to whom so bright she shone,
The fatal gift, her tempting self, unknown !
The winds were silent, all the waves asleep,
And heav'n was trac'd upon the flatt'ring deep ;
But whilst he looks unmindful of a storm,
And thinks the water wears a stable form,
What dreadful din around his ears shall rise !
What frowns confuse his picture of the skies !

At first the creature man was fram'd alone,
Lord of himself, and all the world his own.

For

For him the Nymphs in green forsook the woods,
For him the Nymphs in blue forsook the floods,
In vain the Satyrs rage, the Tritons rave,
They bore him heroes in the secret cave.
No care destroy'd, no sick disorder prey'd,
No bending age his sprightly form decay'd,
No wars were known, no females heard to rage,
And Poets tell us, 'twas a golden age.

When woman came, those ills the box confin'd
Burst furious out, and poison'd all the wind,
From point to point, from pole to pole they flew,
Spread as they went, and in the progress grew :
The Nymphs regretting left the mortal race,
And alt'ring nature wore a sickly face :
New terms of folly rose, new states of care ;
New plagues, to suffer, and to please, the Fair !
The days of whining, and of wild intrigues,
Commenc'd, or finish'd, with the breach of leagues ;
The mean designs of well-dissembled love ;
The sordid matches never join'd above ;
Abroad the labour, and at home the noise,
(Man's double suff'rings for domestic joys)
The curse of jealousy ; expence, and strife ;
Divorce, the publick brand of shameful life ;

The rival's sword ; the qualm that takes the Fair ;
Disdain for passion, passion in despair——
These, and a thousand, yet unnam'd we find ;
Ah fear the thousand, yet unnam'd behind !

Thus on Parnassus tuneful Hesiod sung,
The mountain echo'd, and the valley rung,
The sacred groves a fix'd attention show,
The chrystal Helicon forbore to flow,
The sky grew bright, and (if his verse be true)
The Muses came to give the laurel too.
But what avail'd the verdant prize of wit,
If Love swore vengeance for the tales he writ ?
Ye Fair offended, hear your friend relate
What heavy judgment prov'd the writer's fate,
Tho' when it happen'd, no relation clears,
'Tis thought in five, or five and twenty years.

Where, dark and silent, with a twisted shade
The neighbouring woods a native arbour made,
There oft a tender pair for am'rous play
Retiring, toy'd the ravish'd hours away ;
A Locrian youth, the gentle Troilus he,
A fair Milesian, kind Evanthe she :
But swelling nature in a fatal hour
Betray'd the secrets of the conscious bow'r ;

The dire disgrace her brothers count their own,
And track her steps, to make its author known.

It chanc'd one evening, 'twas the lover's day,
Conceal'd in brakes the jealous kindred lay ;
When Hesiod wand'ring, mus'd along the plain,
And fix'd his seat where love had fix'd the scene :
A strong suspicion strait possess'd their mind,
(For Poets ever were a gentle kind)

But when Evanthè near the passage stood,
Flung back a doubtful look, and shot the wood,
“ Now take (at once they cry) thy due reward,”
And urg'd with erring rage, assault the Bard.
His corps the sea receiv'd. The dolphins bore
(’Twas all the Gods would do) the corps to shore.

Methinks I view the dead with pitying eyes,
And see the dreams of ancient wisdom rise ;
I see the Muses round the body cry,
But hear a Cupid loudly laughing by ;
He wheels his arrow with insulting hand,
And thus inscribes the moral on the sand.

“ Here Hesiod lies : ye future Bards, beware
“ How far your moral tales incense the Fair.
“ Unlov'd, unloving, 'twas his fate to bleed ;
“ Without his quiver Cupid caus'd the deed :

“ He

“ He judg’d this turn of malice justly due,
“ And Hesiod dy’d for joys he never knew.

S O N G.

WHEN thy beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an Angel new dropt from the sky ;
At distance I gaze, and am aw’d by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye !
But when without art,
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes thro’ every vein ;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in
your heart, ✓
Then I know you’re a woman again.
There’s a passion and pride
In our sex, she reply’d,
And thus, might I gratify both, I would do :
Still an Angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you.

S O N G.

S O N G.

THYRSIS, a young and am'rous swain,
Saw two, the beauties of the plain,
Who both his heart subdue :
Gay Cælia's eyes were dazzling fair,
Sabina's easy shape and air
With softer magic drew.

He haunts the stream, he haunts the grove,
Lives in a fond romance of love,
And seems for each to die ;
Till each a little spiteful grown,
Sabina, Cælia's shape ran down,
And the Sabina's eye.

Their envy made the shepherd find
Those eyes which love could only blind ;
So set the lover free :
No more he haunts the grove or stream,
Or with a true-love knot and name
Engraves a wounded tree.

C

Ah

Ah Cælia! fly Sabina cry'd,
 Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd ;
 Now to support the sex's pride,
 Let either fix the dart.
 Poor girl, says Cælia, say no more ;
 For thou'd the swain but one adore,
 That spite which broke his chains before,
 Wou'd break the other's heart.

S O N G.

MY days have been so wond'rous free,
 The little birds that fly.
 With careless ease from tree to tree.
 Were but as blest'd as I.
 Ask gliding waters, if a tear,
 Of mine increas'd their stream ?
 Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
 I lent one sigh to them ?
 But now my former days retire,
 And I'm by beauty caught,
 The tender chains of sweet desire
 Are fix'd upon my thought.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines !

Ye swains that haunt the grove !

Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds !

Ye close retreats of love !

With all of nature, all of art,

Affist the dear design ;

O teach a young, unpractis'd heart,

To make my Nancy mine.

The very thought of change I hate,

As much as of despair ;

Nor ever covet to be great,

Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the passion in my mind

Is mix'd with soft distress ;

Yet while the Fair I love is kind,

I cannot wish it less.

ANACREONTIC.

WHEN spring came on with fresh delight,

To cheer the soul, and charm the sight,

While easy breezes, softer rain,

And warmer suns salute the plain ;

'Twas then, in yonder piny grove,
That Nature went to meet with Love.

Green was her robe, and green her wreath,
Where-e'er she trod, 'twas green beneath;
Where-e'er she turn'd, the pulses beat
With new recruits of genial heat;
And in her train the birds appear,
To match for all the coming year.

Rais'd on a bank where daizies grew,
And vi'lets intermix'd a blue,
She finds the boy she went to find;
A thousand pleasures wait behind,
Aside, a thousand arrows lye,
But all unfeather'd wait to fly.

When they met, the Dame and Boy,
Dancing Graces, idle Joy,
Wanton Smiles, and airy Play,
Conspir'd to make the scene be gay;
Love pair'd the birds through all the grove,
And Nature bid them sing to Love,
Sitting, hopping, flutt'ring, sing,
And pay their tribute from the wing,
To fledge the shafts that idly lye,
And yet unfeather'd wait to fly.

'Tis thus, when spring renews the blood,
They meet in ev'ry trembling wood,
And thrice they make the plumes agree,
And ev'ry dart they mount with three,
And ev'ry dart can boast a kind,
Which suits each proper turn of mind.

From the tow'ring eagle's plume
The gen'rous hearts accept their doom :
Shot by the peacock's painted eye
The vain and airy lovers dye :
For careful dames and frugal men,
The shafts are speckled by the hen.
The pyes and parrots deck the darts,
When prattling wins the panting hearts ;
When from the voice the passions spring,
The warbling finch affords a wing :
Together, by the sparrow stung, —
Down fall the wanton and the young :
And fledg'd by geese the weapons fly,
When others love they know not why.

All this (as late I chanc'd to rove)

learn'd in yonder waving grove.

And see, says Love, who call'd me near,

How much I deal with Nature here,

How both support a proper part,
She gives the feather, I the dart :
Then cease for souls averse to fight,
If Nature cross ye, so do I ;
My weapon there unfeather'd flies,
And shakes and shuffles thro' the skies.
But if the mutual charms I find
By which she links you mind to mind,
They wing my shafts, I poize the darts,
And strike from both, through both your hearts.

ANACREONTIC.

GA Y Bacchus liking Estcourt's wine,
A noble meal bespoke us ;
And for the guests that were to dine,
Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus.

The God near Cupid drew his chair,
Near Comus, Jocus plac'd ;
For wine makes Love forget its care,
And mirth exalts a feast.

The more to please the sprightly God,
Each sweet engaging Grace
Put on some cloaths to come abroad,
And took a waiter's place.

Then Cupid nam'd at ev'ry glass,
A lady of the sky ;
While Bacchus swore he'd drink the lass,
And had it bumper-high.

Fat Comus tost his brimmers o'er,
And always got the most ;
Jocus took care to fill him more,
Whene'er he mist the toast.

They call'd, and drank at ev'ry touch ;
He fill'd and drank again ;
And if the Gods can take too much,
'Tis said, they did so then.

Gay Bacchus little Cupid stung,
By reck'ning his deceits ;
And Cupid mock'd his stamm'ring tongue,
With all his stagg'ring gaits :

And

And Jocus droll'd on Comus' ways,

And tales without a jest ;

While Comus call'd his witty plays

But waggeries at best.

Such talk soon set them all at odds ;

And, had I Homer's pen,

I'd sing ye, how they drank like Gods,

And how they fought like Men.

To part the fray, the Graces fly,

Who make them soon agree ;

Nay, had the Furies selves been nigh,

They still were three to three.

Bacchus appeas'd, rais'd Cupid up,

And gave him back his bow ;

But kept some darts to stir the cup,

Where sack and sugar flow.

Jocus took Comus' rosy crown,

And gayly wore the prize,

And thrice, in mirth, he push'd him down,

As thrice he stov'd to rise.

Then

Then Cupid fought the myrtle grove,
Where Venus did recline,
And Venus close embracing Love,
They join'd to rail at Wine.

And Comus loudly cursing Wit,
Roll'd off to some retreat,
Where boon companions gravely sit
In fat unweildy state.

Bacchus and Jocus still behind,
For one fresh glass prepare ;
They kiss and are exceeding kind,
And vow to be sincere.

But part in time, whoever hear
This our instructive song ;
For tho' such friendships may be dear,
They can't continue long.

A FAIRY

A
F A I R Y T A L E.

I N T H E

Ancient ENGLISH Stile.

IN Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight Fairies daunc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the Green ;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Tho' badly shap'd he been.

His mountain back mote well be said,
To measure height against his head,
And lift itself above ;
Yet spite of all that nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Cou'd ladies look within ;

But

But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,
And, if a shape cou'd win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With flighted passion pac'd along
All in the moony light ;
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbour-town ;
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
And trembling, rocks the ground :
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once a hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now

Now founding tongues assail his ear,

Now founding feet approachen near,

And now the sounds increase :

And from the corner where he lay

He sees a train profusely gay

Come pranking o'er the place,

But (trust me Gentles !) never yet

Was dight a masquing half so neat,

Or half so rich before ;

The country lent the sweet perfumes,

The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,

The town its filken store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a gallant drest

In flaunting robes above the rest,

With awful accent cry'd ;

What mortal of a wretched mind,

Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,

Has here presum'd to hide ?

At this the swain, whose vent'rous soul

No fears of magic art controul,

Advanc'd in open fight ;

I

“ Nor

“ Nor have I cause of dreed, he said,

“ Who view, by no presumption led,

“ Your revels of the night.

“ ’Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,

“ Which made my steps unweeting rove

“ Amid the nightly dew.”

“ ’Tis well, the gallant cries again,

“ We fairies never injure men

“ Who dare to tell us true.

“ Exalt thy love-dejected heart,

“ Be mine the task, or ere we part,

“ To make thee grief resign ;

“ Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce ;

“ Whilst I with Mab, my part’ner, daunce,

“ Be little Mable thine.”

He spoke, and all a sudden there

Light music floats in wanton air ;

The monarch leads the queen :

The rest their fairy part’ners found :

And Mable trimly tript the ground

With Edwin of the Green.

The

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
 And siker such a feast was made
 As heart and lip desire,
 Withouten hands the dishes fly,
 The glasses with a wish come nigh,
 And with a wish retire.

But now to please the fairy king,
 Full ev'ry deal they laugh and sing,
 And antic feats devise ;
 Some wind and tumble like an ape,
 And other-some transmute their shape
 In Edwin's wond'ring eyes.

'Till one at last, that Robin hight,
 Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
 Has hent him up aloof ;
 And full against the beam he flung,
 Where by the back the youth he hung
 To spraul unneath the roof.

From thence, " reverse my charm, he crys,
 " And let it fairly now suffice
 " The gambol has been shewn."

But

But Oberon answers with a smile,

“ Content thee Edwin for a while,

“ The vantage is thine own.”

Here ended all the phantom-play ;

They smelt the fresh approach of day,

And heard a cock to crow ;

The whirling wind that bore the crowd

Has clap'd the door, and whistled loud,

To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,

And all at once the tapers dye ;

Poor Edwin falls to floor ;

Forlorn his state, and dark the place,

Was never wight in like a case

Thro' all the land before.

But soon as dan Apollo rose,

Full jolly creature home he goes,

He feels his back the less ;

His honest tongue and steady mind

Han rid him of the lump behind,

Which made him want success.

With

With lufly livelyhed he talks,
He feems a dauncing as he walks,
His flory foön took wind ;
And beauteous Edith fees the youth
Endow'd with courage, fenfe, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The flory told, Sir Topas mov'd,
The youth of Edith erft approv'd,
To fee the revel scene :
At clofe of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it fo befell,
The wind came ruftling down a dell,
A fhaking feiz'd the wall ;
Up fpring the tapers as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
And mufic fills the hall.

But certes forely funk with woe
Sir Topaz fees the Elphin fhow,
His fpirits in him dy :

- When

When Oberon cries, "a man is near,
" A mortal passion, cleeped fear,
" Hangs flagging in the sky."

With that Sir Topaz, hapless youth !
In accents fault'ring, ay for ruth,
Intreats them pity graunt ;
For als he been a misfter wight
Betray'd by wand'ring in the night
To tread the circled haunt ;

" Ah Lofell vile, at once they roar ;
" And little skill'd of fairie lore,
" Thy cause to come, we know :
" Now has thy kestrell courage fell ;
" And fairies, since a lye you tell ;
" Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
The caitive upward flung ;
There like a tortoise in a shop
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

D

The

The revel now proceeds apace,
 Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
 They sit, they drink, and eat;
 The time with frolic mirth beguile,
 And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
 'Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink,
 They skriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
 And down ydrops the knight.
 For never spell by fairie laid
 With strong enchantment bound a glade,
 Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
 Till up the welkin rose the day,
 Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
 But wot ye well his harder lot?
 His feely back the bunch had got
 Which Edwin loft afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurse ared;
 She softly stroak'd my youngling head,
 And when the tale was done,

“ Thus

- " Thus some are born, my son, the cries,
 " With base impediments to rise,
 " And some are born with none.
 " But virtue can itself advance
 " To what the fav'rite fools of chance
 " By fortune seem design'd;
 " Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
 " And from itself shake off the weight
 " Upon th' unworthy mind."

D 2

P E R-

PERVIGILIUM VENERIS.

CRAS amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,
cras amet.

Ver novum, ver jam canorum: vere natus orbis est,

Vere concordant amores, vere nubent alites,

Et nemus comam resolvit de maritis imbribus.

Cras amorem copulatrix inter umbras arborum

Implicat gazas virentes de flagello myrteo.

Cras Dione jura dicit, fulta sublimi throno.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit

cras amet.

T H E

VIGIL of VENUS.

*Written in the Time of JULIUS CÆSAR, and by some
ascribed to CATULLUS.*

LET *those love now, who never lov'd before ;*
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

The spring, the new, the warb'ling spring appears,
The youthful season of reviving years ;
In spring the loves enkindle mutual heats,
The feather'd nation chuse their tuneful mates,
The trees grow fruitful with descending rain
And drest in diff'ring greens adorn the plain.
She comes ; to-morrow beauty's empress roves
Thro' walks that winding run within the groves ;
She twines the shooting myrtle into bow'rs,
And ties their meeting tops with wreaths of flow'rs,
Then rais'd sublimely on her easy throne
From nature's pow'rful dictates draws her own.

Let these love now, who never lov'd before ;

Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

Tunc liquore de superno, spumeo ponti e globo,
 Cærulas inter catervas, inter & bipedes equos,
 Fecit undantem Dionen de maritis imbribus.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit

cras amet.

Ipsa gemmas purpurantem pingit annum floribus,

Ipsa surgentis papillas de Favoni spritu,

Urguet in toros tepentes; ipsa roris lucidi,

Noctis aura quem relinquit, spargit umentis aquas,

Et micant lacrymæ trementes decidivo pondere.

Gutta præceps orbe parvo sustinet casus suos.

In pudorem florulentæ prodiderunt purpuræ,

Umor ille, quem ferentis astra rorant noctibus.

Mane virgines papillas solvit umentis peplo.

Ipsa jussit manere ut udae virgines nubant rose

Fusæ prius de cruore deque amoris oculis,

Deque geminis, deque flammis, deque solis purpuris.

'Twas on that day which saw the teeming flood
 Swell round, impregnate with celestial blood;
 Wand'ring in circles stood the finny crew,
 The midst was left a void expanse of blue.
 There parent ocean work'd with heaving throes,
 And dropping wet the fair *Dione* rose.

Let those love now, who never lov'd before;

Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

She paints the purple year with vary'd show,
 Tips the green gem, and makes the blossom glow.
 She makes the turgid buds receive the breeze,
 Expand to leaves, and shade the naked trees.
 When gath'ring damps the misty nights diffuse,
 She sprinkles all the morn with balmy dews;
 Bright trembling pearls depend at ev'ry spray,
 And kept from falling, seem to fall away.
 A glossy freshness hence the rose receives,
 And blushes sweet through all her silken leaves;
 (The drops descending through the silent night,
 While stars serenely roll their golden light,)
 Close 'till the morn, her humid veil she holds;
 Then deckt with virgin pomp the flow'r unfolds,
 Soon will the morning blush: Ye maids! prepare,
 In rosy garlands bind your flowing hair;

'Tis

Cras ruborum qui latebat veste tectus ignea,

Unica marito nodo non pudebit solvere.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,

cras amet.

Ipſa Nymphaſ Diva luco juffit ire myrteo

Et puer comes puellis. Nec tamen credi poteſt

Effle Amorem feriatum, ſi ſagittas vexerit.

Ite Nymphae: poſuit arma, feriatuſ eſt Amor.

Juffuſ eſt inermis ire, nuduſ ire juffuſ eſt:

Neu quid arcu, neu ſagitta, neu quid igne læderet.

Sed tamen cavete Nymphae, quod Cupido pulcer eſt:

Totuſ eſt inermis idem, quando nuduſ eſt amor.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,

cras amet.

'Tis Venus' plant : the blood fair Venus shed,
O'er the gay beauty pour'd immortal red ;
From love's soft kiss a sweet ambrosial smell
Was taught for ever on the leaves to dwell ;
From gems, from flames, from orient rays of light
The richest lustre makes her purple bright ;
And she to-morrow weds ; the sporting gale
Unties her zone, she bursts the verdant veil ;
Thro' all her sweets the rising lover flies,
And as he breathes, her glowing fires arise.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before ;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

Now fair Dione to the myrtle grove
Sends the gay Nymphs, and sends her tender Love.
And shall they venture ? Is it safe to go ?
While Nymphs have hearts, and Cupid wears a bow ?
Yes safely venture, 'tis his mother's will ;
He walks unarm'd and undesigning ill,
His torch extinct, his quiver useless hung,
His arrows idle, and his bow unstrung.
And yet, ye Nymphs, beware, his eyes have charms ;
And love that's naked, still is love in arms.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before ;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

From

From Venus, bow to Delia's lodge repairs
 A virgin train compare with modest airs;
 Compari Venus pudore mittit ad te, virginem.
 Una res est quam rogamus, cede virgo Delia,
 Ut nemo sit incruentum de ferinis stragibus,
 Ipsa vellet ut venires, si deceret virginem;
 Jam tribus choros videres feriatos noctibus.
 Congreges inter cateryas ire par saltus tuos,
 Floreas inter coronas, myrteas inter calas.
 Nec Ceres, nec Bacchus absunt, nec poetarum Deus;
 Decinent et tota nox est pervigila cantibus;
 Regnet in silvis Dione: tu recede Delia.
 Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,
 cras amet.
 Justit Hibla's tribunal stare diva floribus.
 Præfens ipsa iura dicit, adfuderunt gratiæ.
 Hibla

From Venus' bow'r to Delia's lodge repairs
A virgin train compleat with modest airs :

“ Chaste Delia ! grant our suit ! or shun the wood,

“ Nor stain this sacred lawn with savage blood.

“ Venus, O Delia ! if she could persuade,

“ Wou'd ask thy presence, might she ask a maid.”

Here chearful quires for three auspicious nights

With songs prolong the pleasurable rites :

Here crouds in measures lightly-decent rove ;

Or seek by pairs the covert of the grove,

Where meeting greens for arbours arch above,

And mingling flow'rets strow the scenes of love,

Here dancing Ceres shakes her golden sheaves :

Here Bacchus revels, deck'd with viny leaves :

Here wits enchanting God, in lawrel crown'd,

Wakes all the ravish'd hours with silver sound.

Ye fields, ye forests, own Dione's reign,

And Delia, huntress Delia, shun the plain.

Let those love now, who never lov'd before ;

Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

Gay with the bloom of all her opening year,

The queen at Hybla bids her throne appear ;

And there preides ; and there the fav'rite band

(Her smiling graces) share the great command.

Now,

Hibla totos funde flores quidquid annus adtulit.

Hibla florum rumpe vestem, quantus Ænnæ campus est.

Ruris hic erunt puellæ, vel puellæ montium,

Quæque silvas, quæque lucos, quæque montes incolunt.

Iussit omnis adfidere pueri Mater alitas,

Iussit et nudo puellas nil Amori credere.

*Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,
cras amet.*

Et recentibus virentes ducat umbras floribus.

Cras erat qui primus æther copulavit nuptias,

Ut pater roris crearet vernis annum nubibus

In sinum maritus imber fluxit almæ conjugis,

Ut foetus immixtus omnis aleret magno corpore,

Ipsa venas atque mentem permeante spiritu

Intus occultis gubernat procreatrix viribus,

Now, beauteous Hybla! dress thy flow'ry beds
With all the pride the lavish season sheds;
Now all thy colours, all thy fragrance yield,
And rival Enna's aromatic field.
To fill the presence of the gentle court
From ev'ry quarter rural nymphs resort.
From woods, from mountains, from their humble vales,
From waters curling with the wanton gales.
Pleas'd with the joyful train, the laughing queen
In circles seats them round the bank of green;
And "lovely girls, she whispers, guard your hearts;
"My boy, tho' stript of arms, abounds in arts."

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
And those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

Let tender grass in shaded alleys spread,
Let early flow'rs erect their painted head.
To morrow's glory be to morrow seen,
That day, old Ether wedded earth in green.
The vernal father bid the spring appear,
In clouds he coupled to produce the year,
The sap descending o'er her bosom ran,
And all the various forts of soul began.
By wheels unknown to fight, by secret veins
Distilling life, the fruitful goddess reigns,

Through

Perque coelum, perque terras, perque pontum
 subditum,
 Pervium sui tenorem seminali tramite
 Imbuit, iussitque mundum nosse nascendi vias.

*Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,
 cras amet.*

Ipsa Trojanos nepotes in Latino transfudit;
 Ipsa Laurentem puellam conjugem nato dedit:
 Moxque Marti de sacello dat pudicam virginem.
 Romuleas ipsa fecit cum Sabinis nuptias,
 Unde Rames et Quirites, proque prole posterum
 Romuli matrem crearet et nepotem Cæsarem.

*Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,
 cras amet.*

Rura foecundat voluptas: rura Venerem sentiunt.
 Ipse Amor puer Dionæ rure natus dicitur.

Hunc

Through all the lovely realms of native day,
 Through all the circled land, and circling sea;
 With fertile seed she fill'd the pervious earth,
 And ever fix'd the mystic ways of birth.

Let those love now, who never lov'd before;

Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

'Twas she the parent, to the Latian shore
 Through various dangers Troy's remainder bore,
 She won Lavinia for her warlike son,
 And winning her, the Latian empire won.
 She gave to Mars the maid, whose honour'd womb
 Swell'd with the founder of immortal Rome.
 Decoy'd by thows the Sabin dames she led,
 And taught our vig'rous youth the means to wed
 Hence sprung the Romans, hence the race divine
 Thro' which great Cæsar draws his Julian line.

Let those love now, who never lov'd before;

Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

In rural seats the soul of pleasure reigns;

The life of beauty fills the rural scenes;
 Ev'n love (if fame the truth of love declare)

Drew first the breathings of a rural air.

Hunc

Some

Hunc ager cum parturiret, ipsa suscepit sinu,

Ipsa florum delicatis educavit osculis.

Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,

cras amet.

Ecce, jam super genistas explicant tauri latus.

Quisque tuus quo tenetur conjugali foedere.

Subter umbras cum maritis ecce balantum gregem.

Et canoras non tacere Diva jussit alites.

Jam loquaces ore rauco stagna cygni perstrepunt,

Adsonat Terei puella subter umbram populi,

Ut putas motus Amoris ore dici musico;

Et neges queri sororem de marito barbaro.

Some pleasing meadow pregnant beauty prest,
She laid her infant on its flow'ry breast,
From Nature's sweets he sipp'd the fragrant dew,
He smil'd, he kiss'd them, and by kissing grew.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

Now bulls o'er stalks of broom extend their sides,
Secure of favours from their lowing brides.
Now stately rams their fleecy consorts lead,
Who bleating follow thro' the wand'ring shade.
And now the Goddess bids the birds appear,
Raise all their music, and salute the year :
Then deep the Swan begins, and deep the song
Runs o'er the water where he sails along ;
While Philomela tunes a treble strain,
And from the poplar charms the list'ning plain.
We fancy love express'd at ev'ry note,
It melts, it warbles, in her liquid throat.
Of barb'rous Tereus she complains no more,
But sings for pleasure as for grief before.
And still her graces rise, her airs extend,
And all is silence till the Syren end.

How

E

Illa cantat: nos tacemus: quando ver venit
meum?

Quando faciam ut celidon, ut tacere desinam?

Perdidi Musam tacendo, nec me Phœbus respicit.

Sic Amyclas, cum tacerent, perdidit silentium.

*Cras amet, qui numquam amavit; quique amavit,
cras amet.*

How long in coming is my lovely spring?
And when shall I, and when the swallow sing?
Sweet Philomela cease, — Or here I sit,
And silent lose my rapt'rous hour of wit:
'Tis gone, the fit retires, the flames decay,
My tuneful Phœbus flies averse away.
His own Amycle thus, as stories run,
But once was silent, and that once undone.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before ;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

How long in coming it may be,
And when shall I, and when the time shall be,
Sweetest I cannot tell, — On that I leave
To fate, the lot of others, the same thing
I wish I might be able to say,
his own Angelo there, as there can
be none who shall, and that only because
the world is full of such as he, and the
world is full of such as he.

A T T E N T I O N

ROBERT M. MITCHELL

HOMER

H O M E R ' s

BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:

OR, THE

B A T T L E

OF THE

FROGS and MICE.

Names of the FROG'S.

PHYSGNATHUS, *One who swells his cheeks.*
 Pelus, *A name from mud.*
 Hydromeduse, *A ruler in the waters.*
 Hypsiboas, *A loud bawler.*
 Pelion, *From mud.*
 Scutlaus, *Called from the Bees.*
 Polyphonus, *a great babbler.*
 Lymnocharis, *one who loves the lake.*
 Crambophagus, *a cabbage-eater.*
 Lymnifius, *called from the lake.*
 Calaminthius, *from the herb.*
 Hydrocharis, *who loves the water.*
 Borborocates, *who lies in the mud.*
 Prassophagus, *an eater of garlick.*
 Pelusius, *from mud.*
 Pelobates, *who walks in the dirt.*
 Pressæus, *called from garlick.*
 Craugasides, *from croaking.*

Names of the MICE.

PSYCARPAX, *one who plunders granaries.*
 Troxartas, *a bread eater.*
 Lychomile, *a lick of meal.*
 Pternotractas, *a bacon-eater.*
 Lychopynax, *a lick of dishes.*
 Embasichytros, *a creeper into pots.*
 Lychenor, *a name for licking.*
 Troglodytes, *one who runs into holes.*
 Artophagus, *who feeds on bread.*
 Tyroglyphus, *a cheese-scooper.*
 Pternoglyphus, *a bacon-scooper.*
 Pternophagus, *a bacon-eater.*
 Cnissodioctes, *one who follows the stream of kitchen.*
 Sitophagus, *an eater of wheat.*
 Meridarpax, *one who plunders his share.*

H O M E R ' s

BATTLE of the FROGS, &c.

BOOK I.

TO fill my rising song with sacred fire,
 Ye tuneful Nine, ye sweet celestial quire !
 From Helicon's imbow'ring height repair,
 Attend my labours, and reward my pray'r ;
 The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write,
 The springs of contest, and the fields of fight ;
 How threat'ning Mice advanc'd with warlike grace,
 And wag'd dire combats with the croaking race.
 Not louder tumults shook Olympus' tow'rs,
 When earth-born giants dar'd immortal pow'rs.
 These equal acts an equal glory claim,
 And thus the Muse records the tale of fame.

Once on a time, fatigu'd and out of breath,
 And just escap'd the stretching claws of death,

A gentle Mouſe, whom cats purſu'd in vain,
Fled ſwift of-foot acroſs the neighb'ring plain,
Hung o'er a brink, his eager thirſt to cool,
And dipt his whiſkers in the ſtanding pool;
When near a courteous Frog advanc'd his head;
And from the waters, hoarſe-ſounding ſaid,

What art thou, ſtranger? what the line you boaſt?
What chance has caſt thee panting on our coaſt?
With ſtricteſt truth let all thy words agree,
Nor let me find a faithleſs Mouſe in thee.

If worthy, friendſhip, profer'd friendſhip take,
And ent'ring view the pleaſurable lake:

Range o'er my palace, in my bounty ſhare,
And glad return from hofpitable fare.

This ſilver realm extends beneath my ſway,
And me, their monarch, all its Frogs obey.

Great Phyſignathus I, from Peleus' race,
Begot in fair Hydromede's embrace,

Where by the nuptial bank that paints his ſide,
The ſwift Eridanus delights to glide.

Thee

Thee too, thy form, thy strength, and port proclaim
A scepter'd King; a son of martial fame;
Then trace thy line, and aid my guessing eyes.
Thus ceas'd the Frog, and thus the Mouse replies.

Known to the Gods, the men, the birds that fly
Thro' wild expanses of the midway sky,
My name resounds; and if unknown to thee,
The soul of great Psycarpax lives in me.

Of brave Troxartas' line, whose sleeky down
In love compress'd Lychomile the brown.

My mother she, and princess of the plains
Where-e'er her father Pternotractas reigns:

Born where a cabin lifts its airy shed,
With figs, with nuts, with vary'd dainties fed.

But since our natures nought in common know,
From what foundation can a friendship grow?

These curling waters o'er thy palace roll;

But man's high food supports my princely soul.

In vain the circled loaves attempt to lye

Conceal'd in flaskets from my curious eye.

In

In vain the tripe that boasts the whitest hue,
In vain the gilded bacon shuns my view,
In vain the cheeses, offspring of the pail,
Or honey'd cakes, which Gods themselves regale,
And as in arts I shine, in arms I fight,
Mix'd with the bravest, and unknown to flight,
Tho' large to mine, the human form appear,
Not man himself can smite my soul with fear,
Sly to the bed with silent steps I go,
Attempt his finger, or attack his toe,
And fix indented wounds with dext'rous skill,
Sleeping he feels, and only seems to feel.
Yet have we foes which direful dangers cause,
Grim owls with talons arm'd, and cats with claws,
And that false trap, the den of silent fate,
Where Death his ambush plants around the bait:
All-dreaded these, and dreadful o'er the rest
The potent warriors of the tabby vest,
If to the dark we fly, the dark they trace,
And rend our heroes of the nibbling race,

But

But me, nor stalks, nor watrish herbs delight,
Nor can the crimson radish charm my sight,
The lake-resounding Frogs selected fare,
Which not a Mouse of any taste can bear.

As thus the downy prince his mind exprest,
His answer thus the croaking king address.

Thy words luxuriant on thy dainties rove,
And, stranger, we can boast of bounteous Jove:
We sport in water, or we dance on land,
And born amphibious, food from both command.
But trust thyself where wonders ask thy view,
And safely tempt those seas, I'll bear thee thro':
Ascend my shoulders, firmly keep thy seat,
And reach my marshy court, and feast in state.

He said, and bent his back; with nimble bound
Leaps the light Mouse, and clasps his arms around,
Then wond'ring floats, and sees with glad survey
The winding banks resembling ports at sea.
But when aloft the curling water rides,
And wets with azure wave his downy sides,

His thoughts grow conscious of approaching woe,
His idle tears with vain repentance flow,
His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears,
Thick beats his heart with unaccustom'd fears;
He sighs, and chill'd with danger, longs for shore:
His tail extended forms a fruitless oar,
Half drench'd in liquid death his pray'rs he spake,
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful lake.

So pass'd Europa thro' the rapid sea,
Trembling and fainting all the vent'rous way;
With oary feet the bull triumphant rode,
And safe in Crete depos'd his lovely load.
Ah safe at last! may thus the Frog support
My trembling limbs to reach his ample court.

As thus he sorrows, death imbiguous grows,
Lo! from the deep a water-Hydra rose;
He rolls his sanguin'd eyes, his bosom heaves,
And darts with active rage along the waves.
Confus'd the monarch sees his hissing foe,
And dives, to shun the fable fates, below.

For-

Forgetful Frog! the friend thy shoulders bore,
Unskill'd in swimming, floats remote from shore.
He grasps with fruitless hands to find relief,
Supinely falls, and grinds his teeth with grief,
Plunging he sinks, and struggling mounts again,
And sinks, and strives, but strives with fate in vain.
The weighty moisture clogs his hairy vest,
And thus the prince his dying rage exprest.

Nor thou, that fling'st me flound'ring from thy back,
As from hard rocks rebounds the shatt'ring wrack,
Nor thou shalt 'scape thy due, perfidious king!
Pursu'd by vengeance on the swiftest wing:
At land thy strength could never equal mine,
At sea to conquer, and by craft, was thine.
But heav'n has Gods, and Gods have searching eyes:
Ye Mice, ye Mice, my great avengers rise!

This said, he sighing gasp'd, and gasping dy'd,
His death the young Lychopinax espy'd,
As on the flow'ry brink, he pass'd the day,
Bask'd in the beams, and loiter'd life away.

Loud

Loud shrieks the Mouse, his shrieks the shores repeat ;
 The nibbling nation learn their hero's fate
 Grief, dismal grief ensues ; deep murmurs sound,
 And shriller fury fills the deafen'd ground.
 From lodge to lodge the sacred herraids run,
 To fix their council with the rising sun ;
 Where great Troxartas crown'd in glory reigns,
 And winds his length'ning court beneath the plains,
 Psycarpax' father, father now no more !
 For poor Psycarpax lies remote from shore ;
 Supine he lies ! the silent waters stand,
 And no kind billow wafts the dead to land !

BOOK II.

WHEN rosy-finger'd morn had ting'd the
 clouds,

Around their Monarch-mouse the nation crouds,
 Slow rose the sov'reign, heav'd his anxious breast,
 And thus the council, fill'd with rage, address.

For

For lost Psycearpace much my soul endures,
'Tis mine the private grief, the public, yours.
Three warlike sons adorn'd my nuptial bed,
Three sons, alas, before their father dead !
Our eldest perish'd by the rav'ning cat,
As near my court the prince unheedful sat.
Our next, an engine fraught with danger drew,
The portal gap'd, the bait was hung in view,
Dire arts assist the trap, the fates decoy,
And men unpitying kill'd my gallant boy !
The last, his country's hope, his parent's pride,
Plung'd in the lake by Phrygnathus, dy'd,
Rouse all the war, my friends ! avenge the deed ;
And bleed that monarch, and his nation bleed.

His words in ev'ry breast inspir'd alarms,
And careful Mars supply'd their host with arms.
In verdant hulls despoil'd of all their beans,
The buskin'd warriors stalk'd along the plains :
Quills aptly bound, their bracing corselet made,
Fac'd with the plunder of a cat they slay'd :

The

The lamp's round bos affords their ample shield ;
Large shells of nuts their cov'ring helmet yield ;
And o'er the region, with reflected rays,
Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze,
Dreadful in arms the marching Mice appear ;
The wond'ring Frogs perceive the tumult near,
Forfake the waters, thick'ning from a ring,
And ask, and hearken, whence the noises spring.
When near the croud, disclos'd to public view,
The valient chief Embasichytros drew :
The sacred herald's scepter grac'd his hand,
And thus his word exprest his king's command.
Ye Frogs ! the Mice with vengeance fir'd, advance,
And deck'd in armour shake the shining lance :
Their hapless prince by Physignathus slain,
Extends incombent on the watry plain.
Then arm your host, the doubtful battle try ;
Lead forth those Frogs that have the soul to die.
The chief retires, the croud the challenge hear,
And proudly swelling yet perplex'd appear :

Much

Much they resent, yet much their monarch blame,
Who rising, spoke to clear his tainted fame,

O friends, I never forc'd the Mause to death,
Nor saw the gasping of his latest breath.

He, vain of youth, our art of swimming try'd,
And vent'rous, in the lake the wanton dy'd.

To vengeance now by false appearance led,
They point their anger at my guileless head,

But wage the rising war by deep device,

And turn its fury on the crafty Mice.

Your king directs the way, my thoughts elate

With hopes of conquest, form designs of fate.

Where high the banks their verdant surface heave,

And the steep sides confine the sleeping wave,

There, near the margin, clad in armour bright,

Sustain the first impetuous flocks of fight :

Then, where the dancing feather joins the crest,

Let each brave Frog his obvious Mause arrest ;

Each strongly grasping, headlong plunge a foe,

Till countless circles whirl the lake below ;

F

Down

Down sink the Mice in yielding waters drown'd ;
Loud flash the waters ; and the shores resound :
The Frogs triumphant tread the conquer'd plain,
And raise their glorious trophies of the slain.

He spake no more, his prudent scheme imparts
Redoubling ardour to the boldest hearts.

Green was the suit his arming heroes chose,
Around their legs the greaves of mallows close,
Green were the beets about their shoulders laid,
And green the colewort, which the target made.
Form'd of the vary'd shells the waters yield,
Their glossy helmets glist'ned o'er the field :
And tap'ring sea-reeds for the polish'd spear,
With upright order pierc'd the ambitent air.
Thus dress'd for war, they take th' appointed height,
Poize the long arms, and urge the promis'd fight.

But now, where Jove's irradiate spires arise,
With stars surrounded in ætherial skies,
(A solemn council call'd) the brazen gates
Unbar ; the Gods assume their golden seats :

The

The fire superior leans, and point to show
What wondrous combats mortals wage below :
How strong, how large, the num'rous heroes stride,
What length of lance they shake with warlike pride !
What eager fire, their rapid march reveals !
So the fierce Centaurs ravag'd o'er the dales ;
And so confirm'd, the daring Titans rose,
Heap'd hills on hills, and bid the Gods be foes.

This seen, the pow'r his sacred visage rears,
He casts a pitying smile on worldly cares,
And asks what heav'nly guardians take the list,
Or who the Mice, or who the Frogs assist ?

Then thus to Pallas. If my daughter's mind
Have join'd the Mice, why stays she still behind ;
Drawn forth by fav'ry steams they wind their way,
And sure attendance round thine altar pay,
Where while the victims gratify their taste
They sport to please the Goddess of the feast.

Thus spake the Ruler of the spacious skies,
But thus, resolv'd, the blue-ey'd Maid replies.

In vain, my father ! all their dangers plead,
To such thy Pallas never grants her aid.
My flow'ry wreaths they petulantly spoil,
And rob my chrystal lamps of feeding oil.
(Ills following ills !) but what afflicts me more,
My veil, that idle race profanely tore.
The web was curious, wrought with art divine ;
Relentless wretches ! all the work was mine !
Along the loom the purple warp I spread,
Cast the light shoot and crost the silver thread ;
In this their teeth a thousand breaches tear,
The thousand breaches skilful hands repair,
For which, vile earthly dunns thy daughter grieve,
(The Gods, that use no coin, have none to give.
And learning's Goddesses never less can owe,
Neglected learning gains no wealth below.)
Nor let the Frogs to win my succour sue,
Those clam'rous fools have lost my favour too.
For late, when all the conflict ceast at night,
When my stretch'd sinews work'd with eager fight,
When

When spent with glorious toil, I left the field,
And sunk for slumber on my swelling shield ;
Lo from the deep, repelling sweet repose,
With noisy croakings half the nation rose :
Devoid of rest, with aching brows I lay,
'Till cocks proclaim'd the crimson dawn of day.
Let all, like me, from either host forbear,
Nor tempt the flying furies of the spear,
Let heav'nly blood (or what for blood may flow)
Adorn the conquest of a meaner foe.
Some daring Mouse may meet the wond'rous odds,
Tho' Gods oppose, and brave the wounded Gods.
O'er gilded clouds reclin'd, the danger view,
And be the wars of mortals scenes for you.
Somov'd the blue-ey'd Queen ; her words persuade,
Great Jove assented, and the rest obey'd.

B O O K III.

NOW front to front the marching armies shine,
Halt ere they meet, and form the length'ning
line :

The chiefs conspicuous seen and heard afar,
Give the loud signal to the rushing war ;
Their dreadful trumpets deep-mouth'd hornets sound,
The sounded charge remurmurs o'er the ground,
E'n Jove proclaims a field of horror nigh,]
And rolls low thunder thro' the troubled sky.

First to the fight large Hypsiboas flew,
And brave Lychenor with a javelin flew.
The luckless warrior fill'd with gen'rous flame,
Stood foremost glitt'ring in the post of fame ;
When in his liver struck, the javelin hung,
The Mouse fell thund'ring and the target rung ;
Prone to the ground, he sinks his closing eye,
And foil'd in dust his lovely tresses lie.

A spear

A spear at Pelion Troglodites cast,
The missive spear within the bosom past ;
Death's sable shades the fainting Frog surround,
And life's red tide runs ebbing from the wound.
Embafichytros felt Scutlæus' dart
Transfix, and quiver in his painting heart ;
But great Artophagus aveng'd the slain,
And big Scutlæus tumbling loads the plain,
And Polyphonus dies, a Frog renown'd,
For boastful speech and turbulence of sound,
Deep thro' the belly pierc'd, supine he lay ;
And breath'd his soul against the face of day.

The strong Lymnocharis, who view'd with ire,
A victor triumph, and a friend expire ;
With heaving arms a rocky fragment caught,
And fiercely flung where Troglodites fought ;
(A warrior vers'd in arts, of sure retreat,
But arts in vain elude impending fate ;)
Full on his finewy neck the fragment fell,
And o'er his eye-lids clouds eternal dwell.

Lychenor

Lychenor (second of the glorious name)
Striding advanc'd, and took no wand'ring aim;
Thro' all the Frog the shining jav'lin flies,
And near the vanquish'd Mousse the victor dies.

The dreadful stroke Crambophagus affrights,
Long bred to banquets, less inur'd to fights,
Heedless he runs, and stumbles o'er the steep,
And wildly flound'ring flashes up the deep;
Lychenor following with a downward blow,
Reach'd in the lake his unrecover'd foe;
Gasping he rolls, a purple stream of blood
Distains the surface of the silver flood;
Thro' the wide wound the rushing entrails throng,
And slow the breathless carcass floats along.

Lymnifius good Tyroglyphus assails,
Prince of the Mice that haunt the flow'ry vales,
Lost to the milky fares and rural seat,
He came to perish on the bank of fate.

The dread Pternoglyphus demands the fight,
Which tender Calaminthus shuns by flight,

Drops

Drops the green target, springing quits the foe,
Glides thro' the lake, and safely dives below:
But dire Pternophagus divides his way
Thro' breaking ranks, and leads the dreadful day.
No nibbling prince excell'd in fierceness more,
His parents fed him on the savage boar;
But where his lance the field with blood imbru'd;
Swift as he mov'd Hydrocharis purfu'd.
'Till fall'n in death he lies, a shatt'ring stone
Sounds on the neck, and crushes all the bone,
His blood pollutes the verdure of the plain,
And from his nostrils bursts the gushing brain.

Lychopinax with Borbocætes fights,
A blameless Frog, whom humbler life delights;
The fatal jav'lin unrelenting flies,
And darkness seals the gentle Croaker's eyes.

Incens'd Prassophagus with spritely bound,
Bears Cnissiodortes off the rising ground,
Then drags him o'er the lake depriv'd of breath,
And downward plunging, sinks his soul to death.

But

But now the great Psycarpax shines afar,
(Scarce he so great whose loss provok'd the war)
Swift to revenge his fatal jav'lin fled,
And thro' the liver struck Pelusius dead ;
His freckled corps before the victor fell,
His soul indignant fought the shades of hell.

This saw Pelobates, and from the flood
Heav'd with both hands a monstrous mass of mud,
The cloud obscene o'er all the heroë flies,
Dishonours his brown face, and blots his eyes.
Enrag'd, and wildly sputt'ring, from the shore
A stone immense of size the warrior bore,
A load for lab'ring earth, whose bulk to raise,
Ask ten degen'rate Mice of modern days.
Full on the leg arrives the crushing wound ;
The Frog supportless, writhes upon the ground.

Thus flush'd, the victor wars with matchless force,
'Till loud Craugasides arrests his course,
Hoarse-croaking threats precede ! with fatal speed
Deep thro' the belly ran the pointed reed,

Then

Then strongly tugg'd, return'd imbru'd with gore,
And on the pile his reeking entrails bore :

The lame Sitophagus oppress'd with pain,
Creeps from the desp'rate dangers of the plain ;
And where the ditches rising weeds supply
To spread their lowly shades beneath the sky,
There lurks the silent Mouse reliev'd from heat,
And safe embow'r'd, avoids the chance of fate.

But here Troxartas, Phylagnathus there,
Whirl the dire furies of the pointed spear :
But where the foot around its ankle plies,
Troxartas wounds, and Phylagnathus flies,
Halts to the pool, a safe retreat to find,
And trails a dangling length of leg behind.
The Mouse still urges, still the Frog retires,
And half in anguish of the flight expires.

Then pious ardor young Praxæus brings
Betwixt the fortunes of contending kings :
Lank, harmless Frog ! with forces hardly grown,
He darts the reed in combats not his own,

I

Which

Which faintly tinkling on Troxartas' shield,
Hangs at the point, and drops upon the field:

Now nobly tow'ring o'er the rest appears
A gallant prince that far transcends his years,
Pride of his fire, and glory of his house,
And more a Mars in combat than a Mouse:
His action bold, robust his ample frame,
And Meridarpax his resounding name:
The warrior singled from the fighting croud,
Boasts the dire honours of his arms aloud;
Then strutting near the lake, with looks elate,
To all its nations threats approaching fate.
And such his strength, the silver lakes around
Might roll their waters o'er unpeopled ground.
But pow'rful Jove, who shews no less his grace
To Frogs that perish, than to human race,
Felt soft compassion rising in his soul,
And shook his sacred head, that shook the pole:
Then thus to all the gazing pow'rs began
The fire of Gods, and Frogs, and Mice, and Man.

What

What seas of blood I view ! what worlds of slain !
An Iliad rising from a day's campaign ;
How fierce his jav'lin o'er the trembling lakes
The black-fur'd heroë Meridarpax shakes !
Unless some fav'ring Deity descend,
Soon will the Frogs loquacious empire end.
Let dreadful Pallas wing'd with pity fly,
And make her Ægis blaze before his eye :
While Mars refulgent on his rattling car,
Arrests his raging rival of the war.

He ceas'd, reclining with attentive head,
When thus the glorious God of combats said.
Nor Pallas, Jove ! tho' Pallas take the field,
With all the terrors of her hissing shield,
Nor Mars himself, tho' Mars in armour bright
Ascend his car, and wheel amidst the fight ;
Not these can drive the desp'rate Mouse afar,
Or change the fortunes of the bleeding war.
Let all go forth, all heav'n in arms arise,
Or launch thy own red thunder from the skies.

Such

Such ardent bolts as flew that wond'rous day,
When heaps of Titans mix'd with mountains lay,
When all the giant-race enormous fell,
And huge Enceladus was hurl'd to hell.

'Twas thus th' armipotent advis'd the Gods,
When from his throne the cloud-compeller nods,
Deep length'ning thunders run from pole to pole,
Olympus trembles as the thunders roll.
Then swift he whirls the brandish'd bolt arround,
And headlong darts it at the distant ground ;
The bolt discharg'd inwrap'd with lightning flies,
And rends its flaming passage thro' the skies ;
Then earth's inhabitants, the nibblers, shake,
And Frogs, the dwellers in the waters, quake.
Yet still the Mice advance their dread design,
And the last danger threatens the croaking line,
'Till Jove that inly mourn'd the loss they bore,
With strange assistants fill'd the frighted shore.

Pour'd from the neighb'ring strand, deform'd to
They march, a sudden unexpected crew ! [view,

Strong

Strong suits of armour round their bodies close,
Which, like thick anvils, blunt the force of blows ;
In wheeling marches turn'd oblique they go ;
With harpy claws their limbs divide below ;
Fell sheers the passage to their mouth command ;
From out the flesh their bones by nature stand ;
Broad spread their backs, their shining shoulders rise ;
Unnumber'd joints distort their lengthen'd thighs ;
With nervous cords their hands are firmly brac'd ;
Their round black eye-balls in their bosom plac'd ;
On eight long feet the wond'rous warriors tread ;
And either end alike supplies a head.

These, mortal wits to call the Crabs, agree,
The Gods have other names for things than we.

Now where the jointures from their loins depend,
The heroes tails with sev'ring grasps they rend.
Here, short of feet, depriv'd the powe'r to fly,
There, without hands, upon the field they lie.
Wrench'd from their holds, and scatter'd all arround,
The bended lances heap the cumber'd ground.

Help-

Helpless amazement, fear pursuing fear,
And mad confusion thro' their host appear :
O'er the wild waste with headlong flight they go,
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted holes below.

But down Olympus to the western seas
Far-shooting Phœbus brove with fainter rays ;
And a whole war (so Jove ordain'd) begun,
Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving sun.

To Mr. P O P E.

TO praise, yet still with due respect to praise,
 A bard triumphant in immortal bays,
 The learn'd to show, the sensible commend,
 Yet still preserve the province of the friend,
 What life, what vigour, must the lines require ?
 What music tune them ? what affection fire ?

O might thy genius in my bosom shine !
 Thou shouldst not fail of numbers worthy thine,
 The brightest antients might at once agree
 To sing within my lays, and sing of thee.
 Horace himself wou'd own thou dost excel
 In candid arts to play the critic well.
 Ovid himself might wish to sing the dame
 Whom Windsor forest sees a gliding stream,
 On silver feet, with annual osier crown'd,
 She runs for ever thro' poetic ground.

G

How

How flame the glories of Belinda's hair,
Made by thy muse the envy of the Fair;
Lefs shone the tresses Ægypt's princess wore,
Which sweet Callimachus so sung before.
Here courtly tresses set the world at odds,
Belles war with Beaux, and whims descend for Gods,
The new machines in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave phrenzy of the chimic fool.
But know, ye Fair, a point conceal'd with art,
The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a woman's heart:
The Graces stand in fight; a Satyr train
Peep o'er their heads, and laugh behind the scene.

In Fame's fair temple, o'er the boldest wits
Inshrin'd on high the sacred Virgil sits,
And sits in measures, such as Virgil's muse
To place thee near him might be fond to chuse.
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he,
While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wife,
Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the prize.

Rapt with the thought my fancy seeks the plains,
And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.
Indulgent nurse of ev'ry tender gale,
Parent of flow'rets, old Arcadia hail !
Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,
Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head,
Still slide thy waters soft among the trees ;
Thy aspens quiver in a breathing breeze,
Smile all thy vallies in eternal spring,
Be hush'd, ye winds ! while Pope and Virgil sing.

In English lays, and all sublimely great,
Thy HOMER warms with all his ancient heat,
He shines in council, thunders in the fight,
And flames with ev'ry sense of great delight,
Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like monarchs sparkling on a distant throne ;
In all the majesty of Greek retir'd,
Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd,
His language failing, wrap'd him round with night,
Thine rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.

So wealthy mines, that ages long before
Fed the large realms around with golden oar,
When choak'd by sinking banks, no more appear,
And shepherds only say, The mines were here :
Shou'd some rich youth (if nature warm his heart
And all his projects stand inform'd with art)
Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein ;
The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious are thy new designs !
How ev'ry music varies in thy lines !
Still as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
And rise in raptures by another's heat.
Thus in the wood, when summer drefs'd the days,
When Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease,
Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle blest,
And Philomela sweetest o'er the rest :
The shades resound with song—O softly tread !
While a whole season warbles round my head.

This to my friend—and when a friend inspires
My silent harp its master's hand requires,

Shake

Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound,
For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground;
Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
From wit, from learning, —far, oh far from thee!
Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf;
Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf,
Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
Rocks at their side, and torrents at their feet,
Or lazy lakes unconscious of a flood,
Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.

Yet here Content can dwell, and learned ease,
A friend delight me, and an author please,
Ev'n here I sing, while POPE supplies the theme,
Show my own love, tho' not increase his fame.

Part of the first Canto of the RAPE of the
LOCK.

AND now unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid,
First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.
A heav'nly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears :
Th' inferior priestesses, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear ;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.

Here

A TRANSLATION of part of the first Canto
of the RAPE of the LOCK, into Leonine
Verse, after the Manner of the Ancient
Monks.

ET nunc dilectum speculum, pro more reiectum,
Emicat in mensâ, quæ splendet pyxide densâ :
Tum primum lymphâ, se purgat candida nympa ;
Jamque sine mendâ, cœlestis imago videnda,
Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet, ocellos.
Hæc stupet explorans, seu cultus numen adorans.
Inferior claram Pythonissa apparet ad aram,
Fertque tibi cautè, dicatque superbia ! lautè,
Dona venusta ; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
Pyxide devotâ, se pandit hic India tota,
Et tota ex istâ transpirat Arabia cista ;
Testudo hic flectit, dum se mea Lesbia pectit ;
Atque elephas lentè, te pectit Lesbia dente ;
Hunc maculis nôris, nivei jacet ille coloris.

Hic

Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms,
The Fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face ;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care ;
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown,
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

HEALTH

Hic jacet et mundè, mundus muliebris abundè ;
Spinula resplendens æris longo ordine pendens,
Pulvis suavis odore, et epistola suavis amore.
Induit arma ergo, Veneris pulcherrima virgo ;
Pulchrior in præsens tempus de tempore crescens ;
Jam reparat risus, jam surgit gratiâ visus,
Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu.
Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua purpura gliscet,
Et geminans bellis splendet magè fulgor ocellis.
Stant Lemures muti, Nymphæ intentique salutis,
Hic figit zonam, capiti, locat ille coronam,
Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam ;
Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidissima Letty !
Gloria factorum temerè conceditur horum.

H E A L T H. An ECLOGUE.

NOW early shepherds o'er the meadow pass,
 And print long footsteps in the glitt'ring grass;
 The cows neglectful of their pasture stand,
 By turns obsequious to the milker's hand.

When Damon softly trod the shaven lawn,
 Damon a youth from city cares withdrawn ;
 Long was the pleasing walk he wander'd through,
 A cover'd arbour clos'd the distant view ;
 There rests the youth, and while the feather'd throng
 Raise their wild music, thus contrives a song.

Here wafted o'er by mild Etesian air,
 Thou country Goddess' beauteous Health ! repair ;
 Here let my breast thro' quiv'ring trees inhale
 Thy rosy blessings with the morning gale.
 What are the fields, or flow'rs, or all I see ?
 Ah ! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.

Joy to my soul ! I feel the Goddess nigh,
 The face of nature cheers as well as I ;

O'er

O'er the flat green refreshing breezes run,
The smiling daizies blow beneath the sun,
The brooks run purling down with silver waves,
The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,
The chirping birds from all the compass rove
To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove :
High sunny summits, deeply shaded dales,
Thick mossy banks, and flow'ry winding vales,
With various prospect gratify the sight,
And scatter fix'd attention in delight.

Come, country Goddess, come, nor thou suffice,
But bring thy mountain-sister, Exercise.
Call'd by thy lovely voice, she turns her pace,
Her winding horn proclaims the finish'd chace ;
She mounts the rocks, she skims the level plain,
Dogs, hawks, and horses, croud her early train.
Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,
And lines and meshes loosely float behind.
All these as means of toil the feeble see,
But these are helps to pleasure join'd with thee.

Let

Lie Sloth lie softning 'till high noon in down,
Or lolling fan her in the fult'ry town,
Unnerv'd with rest; and turn her own disease,
Or foster others in luxurious ease:

I mount the courser, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,
The fox unkennell'd flies to covert grounds;

I lead where stags through tangled thickets tread,
And shake the saplings with their branching head;

I make the falcons wing their airy way,
And soar to seize, or stooping strike their prey;

To snare the fish I fix the luring bait;

To wound the fowl I load the gun with fate.

'Tis thus thro' change of exercise I range,
And strength and pleasure rise from ev'ry change.

Here beauteous Health for all the year remain,

When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

Oh come, thou Goddess of my rural song,

And bring thy daughter, calm Content, along,

Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,

From whose bright presence clouds of sorrow fly:

For

For her I mow my walks, I plat my bow'rs,
Clip my low hedges, and support my flow'rs;
To welcome her, this summer seat I drest,
And here I court her when she comes to rest;
When she from exercise to learned ease,
Shall change again, and teach the change to please.

Now friends conversing my soft hours refine,
And Tully's Tusculum revives in mine:
Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,
And such as make me rather good than great.
Or o'er the works of easy fancy rove,
Where flutes and innocence amuse the grove:
The native Bard that on Sicilian plains
First sung the lowly manners of the swains;
Or Maro's muse that in the fairest light
Paints rural prospects and the charms of sight;
These soft amusements bring Content along,
And fancy, void of sorrow, turns to song.

Here beauteous Health for all the year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

The

The FLIES. An Eclogue.

WHEN in the river cows for coolness stand,
 And sheep for breezes seek the lofty land,
 A youth, whom Æsop taught that ev'ry tree,
 Each bird, and insect spoke as well as he ;
 Walk'd calmly musing in a shady way,
 Where flow'ring hawthorns broke the sunny ray,
 And thus instructs his moral pen to draw
 A scene that obvious in the field he saw.

Near a low ditch, where shallow waters meet,
 Which never learnt to glide with liquid feet.
 Whose Naiads never prattle as they play,
 But screen'd with hedges slumber out the day,
 There stands a slender fern's aspiring shade,
 Whose answ'ring branches regularly laid,
 Put forth their answ'ring boughs, and proudly rise
 Three stories upward, in the nether skies.

For

For shelter here, to shun the noon-day heat,
An airy nation of the flies retreat ;
Some in soft airs their filken pinions ply,
And some from bough to bough delighted fly,
Some rise, and circling light to perch again ;
A pleasing murmur hums along the plain.
So, when a stage invites to pageant shows,
(If great and small are like) appear the beaux ;
In boxes some with spruce pretension fit,
Some change from seat to seat within the pit,
Some roam the scenes, or turning cease to roam ;
Preluding music fills the lofty dome.

When thus a Flie (if what a Flie can say
Deserves attention) rais'd the rural lay.

Where late Amintor made a nymph a bride,
Joyful I flew by young Favonia's side,
Who, mindless of the feasting, went to sip
The balmy pleasure of the shepherd's lip.
I saw the Wanton, where I stoop'd to sup,
And half resolv'd to drown me in the cup ;

'Till

'Till brush'd by careless hands, she soar'd above :
Cease, Beauty, cease to vex a tender love.

Thus ends the youth, the buzzing meadow rung,
And thus the rival of his music sung.

When suns by thousands shone in orbs of dew,
I wafted soft with Zephyretta flew ;
Saw the clean pail, and sought the milky chear,
While little Daphne seiz'd my roving Dear.
Wretch that I was ! I might have warn'd the dame,
Yet sat indulging as the danger came,
But the kind huntress left her free to soar :
Ah ! guard, ye lovers, guard a mistress more.

Thus from the fern, whose high projecting arms,
The fleeting nation bent with dusky swarms,
The swains their love in easy music breathe,
When tongues and tumult stun the field beneath.
Black ants in teams come darkning all the road,
Some call to march, and some to lift the load ;
They strain, they labour with incessant pains,
Press'd by the cumb'rous weight of single grains.

The

The flies struck silent gaze with wonder down :
The busy burghers reach their earthy town ;
Where lay the burthens of a wint'ry store,
And thence unwearied part in search of more.
Yet one grave sage a moment's space attends,
And the small city's loftiest point ascends,
Wipes the salt dew that trickles down his face,
And thus harangues them with the gravest grace.

Ye foolish nurslings of the summer air,
These gentle tunes and wining songs forbear ;
Your trees and whisp'ring breeze, your grove and
Your Cupid's quiver, and his Mother's dove ; [love,
Let bards to business bend their vig'rous wing,
And sing but seldom, if they love to sing :
Else, when the flourets of the season fail,
And this your ferny shade forsakes the vale,
Tho' one would save ye, not one grain of wheat,
Should pay such songsters idling at my gate.

He ceas'd : the Flies, incorrigibly vain,
Heard the May'r's speech, and fell to sing again.

H

A N

AN ELEGY, to an Old BEAUTY.

IN vain, poor nymph, to please our youthful sight
 You sleep in cream and frontlets all the night,
 Your face with patches foil, with paint repair,
 Dress with gay gowns, and shade with foreign hair.
 If truth in spite of manners must be told,
 Why really fifty-five is something old.

Once you were young; or one, whose life's so long
 She might have borne my mother, tells me wrong.
 And once, since envy's dead before you dye,
 The women own, you play'd a sparkling eye,
 Taught the light foot a modish little trip,
 And pouted with the prettiest purple lip. —

To some new charmer are the roses fled,
 Which blew, to damask all thy cheek with red;
 Youth calls the Graces there to fix their reign,
 And airs by thousands fill their easy train.

So parting summer bids her flow'ry prime
Attend the sun to dress some foreign clime,
While with'ring seasons in succession, here,
Strip the gay gardens, and deform the year.

But thou, since Nature bids, the world resign,
'Tis now thy daughter's daughter's time to shine.

With more address, or such as pleases more,

She runs her female exercises o'er,

Unfurls her closes, raps or turns the fan,

And smiles, or blushes at the creature man.

With quicker life, as gilded coaches pass,

In sideling courtesy she drops the glass.

With better strength, on visit-days she bears

To mount her fifty flights of ample stairs.

Her mein, her shape, her temper, eyes and tongue

Are sure to conquer.— for the rogue is young :

And all that's madly wild, or oddly gay,

We call it only pretty Fanny's way.

Let time that makes you homely, make you sage,

The sphere of wisdom is the sphere of age.

H 2

'Tis

'Tis true, when beauty dawns with early fire,
And hears the flattering tongues of soft desire,
If not from virtue, from its graveſt ways
The ſoul with pleaſing avocation ſtrays.
But beauty gone, 'tis eaſier to be wiſe ;
As harpers better, by the loſs of eyes.

Henceforth retire, reduce your roving airs,
Haunt leſs the plays, and more the public pray'rs,
Rejeſt the Mechlin head, and gold brocade,
Go pray, in ſober Norwich crape array'd.
Thy pendent diamonds let thy Fanny take,
(Their trembling luſtre ſhows how much you ſhake)
Or bid her wear thy necklace row'd with pearl,
You'll find your Fanny an obedient girl.
So for the reſt, with leſs incumbrance hung,
You walk thro' life, unmingled with the young ;
And view the ſhade and ſubſtance as you paſs
With joint endeavour trifling at the glaſs,
Or Folly dreſt, and rambling all her days,
To meet her counterpart, and grow by praiſe :

Yet still sedate yourself, and gravely plain,

You neither fret, nor envy at the vain.

'Twas thus, if man with woman we compare,

The wise Athenian crost a glittering fair,

Unmov'd by tongues and fights, he walk'd the place,

Thro' tape, toys, tinsel, gimp, perfume and lace ;

Then bends from Mars's hill his awful eyes,

And *What a world I never want ?* he cries :

But cries unheard : for folly will be free.

So parts the buzzing gaudy crowd, and he :

As careless he for them, as they for him ;

He wrapt in wisdom, and they whirl'd by whim.

The B O O K - W O R M.

C O M E hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day
 The Book-Worm, ravening beast of prey,
 Produc'd by parent earth, at odds,
 As fame reports it, with the Gods.
 Him frantic hunger wildly drives
 Against a thousand authors lives :
 Thro' all the fields of wit he flies ;
 Dreadful his head with clust'ring eyes,
 With horns without, and tusks within,
 And scales to serve him for a skin.
 Observe him nearly, lest he climb
 To wound the bards of ancient time,
 Or down the vale of fancy go
 To tear some modern wretch below.
 On ev'ry corner fix thine eye,
 Or ten to one he slips thee by.

See where his teeth a passage eat :

We'll rouse him from the deep retreat.

But who the shelter's forc'd to give ?

'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live !

From leaf to leaf, from song to song,

He draws the tadpole form along,

He mounts the gilded edge before,

He's up, he scuds the cover o'er,

He turns, he doubles, there he past,

And here we have him, caught at last.

Infatiate brute, whose teeth abuse

The sweetest servants of the muse.

(Nay never offer to deny,

I took thee in the fact to fly.)

His roses nipt in ev'ry page,

My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage.

By thee my Ovid wounded lies ;

By thee my Lesbia's sparrow dies :

Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd

The work of love in Biddy Floyd,

They

They rent Belinda's locks away,
And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.

For all, for ev'ry single deed,
Relentless justice bids thee bleed.

Then fall a victim to the Nine,
Myself the priest, my desk the shrine.

Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso near,
To pile a sacred altar here;
Hold, boy, thy hand out-runs thy wit,
You reach'd the plays that Dennis writ;
You reach'd me Philips' rustic strain;
Pray take your mortal bards again.

Come, bind the victim, —there he lies,
And here between his num'rous eyes
This venerable dust I lay,
From manuscripts just swept away.

The goblet in my hand I take,
(For the libation's yet to make)

A health to poets ! all their days
May they have bread, as well as praise ;

Sense may they seek, and less engage

In papers fill'd with party-rage.

But if their riches spoil their vein,

Ye Muses, make them poor again.

Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,

With which my tuneful pens are made.

I strike the scales that arm thee round,

And twice and thrice I print the wound ;

The sacred altar floats with red,

And now he dies, and now he's dead.

How like the son of Jove I stand,

This Hydra stretch'd beneath my hand !

Lay bare the monster's entrails here,

To see what dangers threat the year :

Ye Gods ! what sonnets on a wench ?

What lean translations out of French ?

'Tis plain, this lobe is so unsound,

S — prints, before the months go round.

But hold, before I close the scene,

The sacred altar should be clean.

Oh

Oh had I Shadwell's second bays,
Or Tate ! thy pert and humble lays !
(Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow
I never miss'd your works till now)
I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine,
(That only way you please the Nine)
But since I chance to want these two,
I'll make the songs of Durfey do.

Rent from the corps, on yonder pin,
I hang the scales that brac'd it in ;
I hang my studious morning gown,
And write my own inscription down.

“ This trophy from the Pithon won,
“ This robe, in which the deed was done,
“ These, Parnell, glorying in the feat,
“ Hung on these shelves, the Muses feat.
“ Here ignorance and hunger found
“ Large realms of wit to ravage round ;
“ Here ignorance and hunger fell ;
“ Two foes in one I sent to hell.

“ Ye

“ Ye poets, who my labours see,

“ Come share the triumph all with me !

“ Ye Critics ! born to vex the Muse,

“ Go mourn the grand ally you lose.

AN ALLEGORY on MAN.

A Thoughtful Being, long and spare,
Our race of mortals call him Care :

(Were Homer living, well he knew

What name the Gods have call'd him too)

With fine mechanic genius wrought,

And lov'd to work, tho' no one bought.

This Being by a model bred

In Jove's eternal fable head,

Contriv'd a shape impow'r'd to breathe,

And be the worldling here beneath,

The man rose staring, like a stake ;

Wond'ring to see himself awake !

Then look'd so wise, before he knew

The bus'ness he was made to do ;

That

That pleas'd to see with what a grace
He gravely shew'd his forward face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An Under-something of the sky.

But ere he gave the mighty nod,
Which ever binds a Poet's God :

(For which his curls ambrosial shake,
And mother Earth's obliged to quake :)

He saw old mother Earth arise,
She stood confess'd before his eyes ;

But not with what we read she wore,

A castle for a crown before,

Nor with long streets and longer roads

Dangling behind her, like commodores :

As yet with wreaths alone she dress'd!

And trail'd a lankip-painted vest.

Then thrice she rais'd, as Ovid said,

And thrice she bow'd, her weighty head.

Her honours made, great Jove, she cry'd,

This thing was fashion'd from my side ;

His

His hands, his heart, his head are mine ;
Then what hast thou to call him thine ?

Nay rather ask, the Monarch said,
What boots his hand, his heart, his head,
Were what I gave remov'd away ?
Thy part's an idle shape of clay

Halves, more than halves ! cry'd honest Care,
Your pleas wou'd make your titles fair,
You claim the body, you the soul,
But I who join'd them, claim the whole.

Thus with the Gods debate began,
On such a trivial cause, as Man.
And can celestial temper rage ?
Quoth Virgil, in a later age.

As thus they wrangled, Time came by ;
(There's none that paint him such as I,
For what the fabling Ancients sung
Makes Saturn old, when Time was young.)
As yet his winters had not shed
Their silver honours on his head ;

He

He just had got his pinions free,
From his old fire Eternity.

A serpent girdled round he wore,
The tail within the mouth, before ;
By which our almanacks are clear
That learned Ægypt meant the year.

A staff he carry'd, where on high
A glass was fix'd to measure by,
As amber boxes made a show
For heads of canes an age ago.

His vest, for day, and night, was py'd ;
A bending fickle arm'd his side ;
And Spring's new months his train adorn !
The other Seasons were unborn.

Known by the Gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cause,
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
Where since his hours a dial made ;
Then leaning heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounc'd the words of Fate.

Since

Since body from the parent Earth,
And soul from Jove receiv'd a birth,
Return they were they first began;
But since their union makes the Man,
'Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,
To Care who joined them, Man is due.

He said, and sprung with swift career
To trace a circle for the year;
Where ever since the Seasons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.

'Tis well, said Jove, and for consent
Thund'ring he shook the firmament.

Our umpire Time shall have his way,
With Care I let the creature stay:
Let bus'ness vex him, av'rice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let error act, opinion speak,
And want afflict, and sickness break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy distract, and sorrow kill.

'Till

'Till arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
 Time draws the long destructive blow ;
 And wasted Man, whose quick decay
 Comes hurrying on before his day,
 Shall only find by this decree,
 The soul flies sooner back to me.

An Imitation of some French VERSES.

Relentless Time ! destroying pow'r,
 Whom stone and brass obey,
 Who giv'st to ev'ry flying hour
 To work some new decay ;
 Unheard, unheeded, and unseen,
 Thy secret saps prevail,
 And ruin man, a nice machine,
 By nature form'd to fail.

My change arrives ; the change I meet,

Before I thought it nigh.

My spring, my years of pleasure fleet,

And all their beauties dye.

In age I search, and only find

A poor unfruitful gain,

Grave wisdom stalking slow behind,

Oppress'd with loads of pain.

My ignorance cou'd once beguile,

And fancy'd joys inspire ;

My errors cherish'd Hope to smile

On newly-born desire.

But now experience shews, the bliss

For which I fondly sought,

Not worth the long impatient wish,

And ardour of the thought.

I

My

My youth met Fortune fair array'd,
 In all her pomp she shone,
 And might, perhaps, have well essay'd,
 To make her gifts my own :

But when I saw the blessings show'r
 On some unworthy mind,
 I left the chace, and own'd the Pow'r
 Was justly painted blind.

I pass'd the glories which adorn
 The splendid courts of kings,
 And while the persons mov'd my scorn,
 I rose to scorn the things.

My manhood felt a vig'rous fire
 By love encreas'd the more ;
 But years with coming years conspire
 To break the chains I wore.

In weakness safe, the sex I see

With idle lustre shine ;

For what are all their joys to me,

Which cannot now be mine ?

But hold—I feel my gout decrease,

My troubles laid to rest,

And truths which wou'd disturb my peace

Are painful truths at best.

Vainly the time I have to roll

In sad reflection flies ;

Ye fondling passions of my soul !

Ye sweet deceits ! arise.

I wisely change the scene within,

To things that us'd to please ;

In pain, philosophy is spleen,

In health, tis only ease.

A NIGHT-PIECE on DEATH.

BY the blue taper's trembling light,
 No more I waste the wakeful night,
 Intent with endless view to pore
 The schoolmen and the sages o'er :
 Their books from wisdom widely stray,
 Or point at best the longest way.
 I'll seek a readier path, and go
 Where wisdom's surely taught below.

How deep yon azure dies the sky !
 Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lye,
 While thro' their ranks in silver pride
 The nether crescent seems to glide.
 The flumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,
 The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
 Where once again the spangled show
 Descends to meet our eyes below.
 The grounds which on the right aspire,
 In dimness from the view retire :

The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful fight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly-sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like thee they life possess,
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.

Those, with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
Where toil and poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chissel's slender help to fame,
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away ;)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lye,
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;
Who while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha ! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades !
All slow, and wan, and wrap'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crouds,
And all with sober accent cry,
Think, mortal, what it is to die.

Now from yon black and fun'ral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks, I hear a voice begin ;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground)

It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones.

When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a King of Fears am I?
They view me like the last of things;
They make, and then they draw my strings,
Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,
No more my spectre-form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man wou'd ever pass to God:
A port of calms, a state to ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas.

Why then thy flowing fable stoles,
Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearfes, cover'd steeds,
And plumes of black, that as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'scutcheons of the dead?

Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe;

As

As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suff'ring years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring sun :
Such joy, tho' far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years, they waste :
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

A H Y M N

A HYMN to CONTENTMENT.

L Ovely, lasting peace of mind !
Sweet delight of human kind !

Heav'nly born, and bred on high,
To crown the fav'rites of the sky
With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know !
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented head ?
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease ?

Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
Encreasing Avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold inshrin'd.
The bold advent'rer ploughs his way,
Thro' rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love ; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.

The

The silent heart which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,

Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks, (as I have vainly done,)

Amusing thought ; but learns to know

That Solitude's the nurse of woe.

No real happiness is found

In trailing purple o'er the ground :

Or in a soul exalted high,

To range the circuit of the sky,

Converse with stars above, and know

All nature in its forms below ;

The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,

And doubts at last for knowledge rise.

Lovely, lasting Peace appear !

This world itself, if thou art here,

Is once again with Eden blest,

And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,

I sung my wishes to the wood,

And

And lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whisper as they wav'd :
It seem'd, as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of the Grace.
When thus she spoke—Go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know,
The joys which from religion flow :
Then ev'ry Grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh ! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat ;
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy :
Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
In heav'nly vision, praise, and pray'r ;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and blest'd with God alone :
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colours of delight ;

I

While

While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song :
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And thee, great Source of Nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day ;
The moon that shines with borrow'd light ;
The stars that gild the gloomy night ;
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves ;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves ;
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain ;
All of these, and all I see,
Shou'd be sung, and sung by me :
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy, or your vain extreams ;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

The



S. Wale del.

C. Gignion sculp.

*Confess th' Almighty just:
And where you can't unriddle learn to trust.*

The H E R M I T.

FAR in a wild, unknown to publick view,
 From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew ;
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the chrystal well :
 Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days,
 Pray'r all his bus'ness, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
 Seem'd heav'n itself, 'till one suggestion rose ;
 That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
 This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway :
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
 And all the tenour of his soul is lost :
 So when a smooth expanse receives impress
 Calm nature's image on it's watry breast,
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
 And skies beneath with answ'ring colours glow :
 But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
 Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,

And

And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the Pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came passing o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd,
And hail, my Son, the rev'rend Sire reply'd;
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;

'Till

'Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart:
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey ;
Nature in silence bid the world repose :
When near the road a stately palace rose :
There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome,
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home :
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive : the liv'ry'd servants wait ;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
 Along the wide canals the zephyrs play :
 Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
 And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
 Up rise the guests, obedient to the call :
 An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;
 Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
 Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
 Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go ;
 And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe ;
 His cup was vanish'd ; for in secret guise
 The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.
 As one who spies a serpent in his way,
 Glitt'ning and basking in the summer ray,
 Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear :
 So seem'd the Sire ; when far upon the road,
 The shining spoil his wiley partner show'd.
 He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
 And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part :
Murm'ring

Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud a-cross the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat,
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around ;
It's owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the Miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;
The nimble light'ning mix'd with show'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
'Twas then, his threshold first receiv'd a guest)

Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care;
 And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair;
 One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
 And nature's fervor thro' their limbs recalls;
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
 (Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;
 And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd,
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
 And why should such, within himself he cry'd,
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
 But what new marks of wonder soon took place.
 In ev'ry settling feature of his face;
 When from his vest the young companion bore
 That cup, the gen'rous Landlord own'd before,
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl
 The flinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky;

A fresher

A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bosom
With all the travel of uncertain thought; [wrought,
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wand'ers want a place to lye,
Again the search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not to praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:

Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies:
 Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
 To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
 From him you come, for him accept it here,
 A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
 He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
 Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
 When the grave household round his hall repair,
 Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r:
 At length the world renew'd by calm repose
 Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose;
 Before the Pilgrims part, the younger crept,
 Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
 And writh'd his neck: the Landlord's little pride,
 O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd,
 Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
 How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done;
 Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
 And breathe blue fire, cou'd more assault his heart.
 Confus'd,

Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guile;
 Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies:
 He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
 Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
 His steps the Youth pursues; the country lay
 To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
 Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
 From him you come, for him accept it here,
 A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
 A tank and tower, more than costly cheer,
 Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
 He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread;
 Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
 Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
 And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
 When the grave household round his hall repair,
 The Youth, who seem'd to watch a time to fin,
 Wind by a bell, and close the hours with play;
 Approach'd the careless Guide, and thrust him in;
 At length the world renew'd by calm repose
 Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
 Was strong for toll, the dappled morn arose;
 Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
 Before the Pilgrim's part, the younger crew,
 Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
 Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
 He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
 And with'd his neck, the Landlord's little bride,
 Detested wretch——But scarce his speech began,
 O strange return, grew black, and cold, and dy'd;
 When the strange partner seem'd no longer man;
 Horror of horrors, what, his only son!
 His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
 How look'd our Hero when the fact was done;
 His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
 Not well, the black was in under part,
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
 And breathe the blue the cold more assault his heart,
 Celestial odours breathe thro' purpled air;

And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal burst upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the Pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do ;
Surprize in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.

But silence here the beauteous Angel broke,
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.)

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne :

These charms, success in our bright region find,
And force an Angel down, to calm thy mind ;

For this commission'd, I forsook the sky,

Nay, cease to kneel—— Thy fellow-servant I.

Then known the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of providence is laid ;

Its sacred majesty thro' all depends
On using second means to work his ends :
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprize,
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes ?
Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust !

The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still we welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean, suspicious Wretch, whose bolted door,
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring Poor ;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heav'n can blest, if mortals will be kind.

Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
 And feels compassion touch his grateful soul;
 Thus artists melt the follen dross of lead,
 With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
 In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
 And loose from dross, the silver runs below.

Long had our pious friends in virtue trod,
 But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
 (Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
 And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
 To what excesses had his dotage run?
 But God, to save the father, took the son,
 To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
 (And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow)
 The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
 Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
 Had that false servant sped in safety back;
 This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
 And what a fund of charity would fail!

YET

Thus

Thus heav'n instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On founding pinions here the Youth withdrew,

The Sage stood wondering as the Seraph flew,

Thus look'd Elisha, when to mount on high,

His master took the chariot of the sky;

The fiery pomp ascending left the view,

The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun,

Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done.

Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,

And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

PIETY,

PIETY, or the VISION*,

'T WAS when the night in silent sable fled,
 When chearful morning sprung with rising red,
 When dreams and vapours leave to croud the brain,
 And best the vision draws its heavenly scene;
 'Twas then, as slumbering on my couch I lay,
 A sudden splendor seem'd to kindle day,
 A breeze came breathing in a sweet perfume,
 Blown from eternal gardens, fill'd the room;
 And in a void of blue, that clouds invest,
 Appear'd a daughter of the realms of rest;
 Her head a ring of golden glory wore,
 Her honour'd hand the sacred volume bore,

* This, and the following poem, are not in the octave editions of Dr. PARNEL's Poems published by Mr. POPE. They were first communicated to the public by the late ingenious Mr. JAMES ARBUCKLE, and published in his HIBERNICUS's LETTERS, No 62,

Her

Her raiment glitt'ring seem'd a silver white,
And all her sweet companions sons of light.

Straight as I gaz'd, my fear and wonder grew,
Fear barr'd my voice, and wonder fix'd my view;
When lo ! a cherub of the shining croud
That sail'd as guardian in her azure cloud,
Fan'd the soft air, and downwards seem'd to glide,
And to my lips a living coal apply'd.
Then while the warmth o'er all my pulses ran
Diffusing comfort, thus the maid began.

' Where glorious mansions are prepar'd above,
' The seats of music, and the seats of love,
' Thence I descend, and PIETY my name,
' To warm thy bosom with celestial flame,
' To teach thee praises mix'd with humble prayers,
' And tune thy soul to sing seraphic airs.

' Be thou my Bard.' A vial here she caught,
(An Angel's hand the chrystal vial brought)
And as with awful sound the word was said,
She pour'd a sacred unction on my head ;

Then thus proceeded: "Be thy muse thy zeal,
Dare to be good, and all my joys reveal.
While other pencils flatter forms create,
And paint the gaudy plumes that deck the Great;
While other pens exalt the vain delight,
Whose wasteful revel wakes the depth of night;
Or others softly sing in idle lines
How Damon courts, or Amaryllis shines;
More wisely thou select a theme divine,
Fame is their recompence, 'tis heav'n is thine.
Despite the raptures of discorded fire,
Where wine, or passion, or applause inspire
Low restless life, and ravings born of earth,
Whose meaner subjects speak their humble birth,
Like working seas, that when loud winters blow
Not made for rising, only rage below,
Mine is a warm and yet a lambent heat,
More lasting still, as more intensely great, breathe,
-Produc'd where pray'r, and praise, and pleasure
And ever mounting whence it shot beneath.

Unpaint

- Unpaint the love, that hoy'ring over beds,
From glitt'ring pinions guilty pleasure sheds;
Restore the colour to the golden mines
With which behind the feather'd idol shines;
To flow'ring greens give back their native care,
The rose and lilly, never his to wear;
To sweet Arabia send the balmy breath;
Strip the fair flesh, and call the phantom, Death;
His bow be fabled o'er, his shafts the same,
And fork and point them with eternal flame.
But urge thy pow'rs, thine utm off voice advance,
Make the loud strings against thy fingers dance;
'Tis love that Angels praise and men adore,
'Tis love divine that asks it all and more.
Fling back the gates of ever-blazing day,
Pour floods of liquid light to gild the way;
And all in glory wrapt, thro' paths untrod
Pursue the great unseen descent of God.
Hail the meek Virgin, bid the child appear,
The child is God, and call him Jesus here.

He

Unpainted

' He comes, but where to rest? A manger's nigh;
 ' Make the great Being in a manger lie;
 ' Fill the wide sky with Angels on the wing;
 ' Make thousands gaze, and make ten thousand sing;
 ' Let men afflict him, men he came to save,
 ' And still afflict him till he reach the grave;
 ' Make him resign'd, his loads of sorrow meet,
 ' And me, like Mary, weep beneath his feet;
 ' I'll bathe my tresses there, my pray'rs rehearse,
 ' And glide in flames of love along thy verse.
 ' Ah! while I speak, I feel my bosom swell;
 ' My raptures smother what I long to tell.
 ' 'Tis God! a present God! Thro' cleaving air
 ' I see the throne, and see the JESUS there
 ' Plac'd on the right. He shews the wounds he bore;
 ' (My fervours oft have won him thus before) [ear;
 ' How pleas'd he looks! my words have reach'd his
 ' He bids the gates unbar, and calls me near.'

She ceas'd. The cloud on which she seem'd to tread;
 It's curls unfolded, and around her spread;

Bright

Bright Angels wait their wings to raise the cloud,
And sweep their ivory lutes, and sing aloud;
The scene moves off, while all its ambient sky
Is turn'd to wond'rous music as they fly;
And soft the swelling sounds of music grow,
And faint their softness, till they fall below.

My downy sleep the warmth of Phœbus broke,
And while my thoughts were settling, thus I spoke:
Thou beauteous Vision! on my soul impress'd,
When most my reason would appear to rest,
'Twas sure with pencils dipt in various lights
Some curious Angel limn'd thy sacred sights;
From blazing suns his radiant gold he drew,
White moons the silver gave, and air the blue.
I'll mount the roving winds expanded wing,
And seek the sacred hill, and light to sing;
('Tis known in Jewry well) I'll make my lays
Obedient to thy summons, sound with praise.

But still I fear, unwarm'd with holy flame,
I take for truth the flatt'ries of a dream;

And

And barely with the wond'rous gift I boast,
And faintly practise what deserves it most.

Indulgent LORD ! whose gracious love displays
Joy in the light, and fills the dark with ease !
Be this, to bless my days, no dream of bliss ;
Or be, to bless the nights, my dreams like this.

B A C C H U S.

AS Bacchus ranging at his leisure,
(Jolly Bacchus, king of pleasure !)

Charm'd the wide world with drink and dances,

And all his thousand airy fancies,

Alas ! he quite forgot the while

His fav'rite vines in Lesbos isle.

The God, returning ere they dy'd,

Ah ! see my jolly Fauns he cry'd,

The leaves but hardly born are red,

And the bare arms for pity spread :

The beasts afford a rich manure ;

Fly, my boys, to bring the cure ;

Up the mountains, o'er the vales,
Thro' the woods, and down the dales;
For this, if full the clufter grow,
Your bowls shall doubly overflow.

So chear'd with more officious haste
They bring the dung of ev'ry beast;

The loads they wheel, the roots they bare,
They lay the rich manure with care;
While oft he calls to labour hard,
And names as oft the red reward.

The plants refresh'd, new leaves appear,
The thick'ning clusters load the year;
The season swiftly purple grew,
The grapes hung dangling deep with blew.

A vineyard ripe, a day serene
Now calls them all to work again.
The Fauns thro' every furrow shoot
To load their flasks with the fruit;
And now the vintage early trod,
The wines invite the jovial God.

L

Strow

Strow the roses, raise the song,
 See the master comes along;
 Lusty Revel join'd with Laughter,
 Whim and Frolic follow after:
 The Fauns aside the yats remain
 To show the work, and reap the gain.
 All around, and all around
 They sit to riot on the ground;
 A vessel stands amidst the ring,
 And here they laugh, and there they sing;
 Or rise a jolly jolly band,
 And dance about it hand in hand;
 Dance about, and shout amain,
 Then sit to laugh and sing again.
 Thus they drink, and thus they play
 The fun, and all their wits away.
 But as an ancient Author sung,
 The vine manur'd with ev'ry dung,
 From ev'ry creature strangely drew
 A twang of brutal nature too;

Tw'as hence in drinking on the lawns

New turns of humour seiz'd the Fauns.

Here one was crying out, by Jove!

Another, fight me in the grove;

This wounds a friend, and that the trees;

The lion's temper reign'd in these.

Another grins, and leaps about,

And keeps a merry world of rout,

And talks impertinently free,

And twenty talk the same as he:

Chatt'ring, idle, airy, kind:

These take the monkeys turn of mind.

Here one, that saw the Nymphs which stood,

To peep upon them from the wood,

Steals off to try if any maid

Be lagging late beneath the shade:

While loose discourse another raises

In naked nature's plainest phrases,

And every glass he drinks enjoys,

With change of nonsense, lust and noise;

Mad and careless, hot and vain :

Such as these the goat retain.

Another drinks and casts it up,

And drinks, and wants another cup ;

Solemn, silent, and sedate,

Ever long, and ever late,

Full of meats, and full of wine :

This takes his temper from the swine.

Here some who hardly seem to breathe,

Drink, and hang the jaw beneath.

Gaping, tender, apt to weep :

Their nature's alter'd by the sheep.

'T was thus one autumn all the crew

(If what the Poets say be true)

While Bacchus made the merry feast,

Inclin'd to one, or other beast :

And since, 'tis said, for many a mile

He spread the vines of Lesbos ile.

VISI.

Mad and careless, hot and vain :
Such as these the goat retain.

Another drinks and casts it up,
And drinks, and wants another cup ;
Solemn, silent, and sedate,

VISIONS,
Full of meats, and full of wine ;
This takes his temper from the wine.

Here some who hardly seem to breathe,
Published in the
Drink, and hang the way beneath.
Gaping, tender, apt to weep ;

Their nature's alter'd by the sleep.
SPECTATORS, &c.

While Bacchus made the merry feast,
Inclin'd to one, or other best,
And face, his hand, for many a mile

By the same Hand.

V I S I O N
S P E C T A T O R N O 466

~~Discipulus specie recte~~ Hor

OUR defects and follies are too often unknown to us; nay, they are so far from being known to us, that they pass for demonstrations of our worth. I am, makes us easy in the midst of them, and to be affirmed for them. Thence in them, and to be affirmed for them. Thence it is that a thousand unaccountable conceits, gay inventions, and extravagant actions must afford us pleasures, and display us to others in the colours which we take a fancy to glory in. and indeed there is something so amusing for the time in this state of vanity and ill-grounded satisfaction, that even the wisest world has chosen an exalted word to describe its enchantments, and called it the Paradise of Fools.

Perhaps the latter part of this reflection may seem a false thought to some, and bear another turn than what I have given it; but it is at present none of my business to look after it, who am going to confess that I have been lately amongst them in a vision.

Metthought

V I S I O N I.

S P E C T A T O R N^o 460.*Decipimur specie reſti*———HOR.

O UR defects and follies are too often unknown to us; nay, they are so far from being known to us, that they pass for demonstrations of our worth. This makes us easy in the midst of them, fond to shew them, fond to improve in them, and to be esteemed for them. Thence it is that a thousand unaccountable conceits, gay inventions, and extravagant actions must afford us pleasures, and display us to others in the colours which we ourselves take a fancy to glory in: and indeed there is something so amusing for the time in this state of vanity and ill-grounded satisfaction, that even the wiser world has chosen an exalted word to describe its enchantments, and called it the Paradise of Fools.

Perhaps the latter part of this reflection may seem a false thought to some, and bear another turn than what I have given; but it is at present none of my business to look after it, who am going to confess that I have been lately amongst them in a vision.

I

Methought

Me thought I was transported to a hill, green, flowery, and of an easy ascent. Upon the broad top of it resided squint-eyed Error, and popular Opinion with many heads; two that dealt in folly, and were famous for bewitching people with the love of themselves. To these repaired a multitude from every side, by two different paths which lead towards each of them. Some who had the most assuming air went directly of themselves to Error, without expecting a conductor; others of a softer nature went first to popular Opinion, from whence as she influenced and engaged them with their own praises, she delivered them over to his government.

When we had ascended to an open part of the summit where Opinion abode, we found her entertaining several who had arrived before us. Her voice was pleasing; she breathed odours as she spoke, she seemed to have a Tongue for every one; every one thought he heard of something that was valuable in himself, and expected a paradise which she promised as the reward of his merit. Thus were we drawn to follow her, till she should bring us where it was to be bestowed. And it was observable, that all the way we went, the company was either praising themselves in their qualifications, or one another for those qualifications which they took to be conspicuous in their own characters, or dispraising others for wanting theirs, or vying in the degrees of them.

At

At last we approached a bowery at the entrance of which Error was seated. The trees were thick & woven, and the place where he sat artfully contrived to darken him a little. He was disguised in a whitish robe, which he had put on, that he might appear to us with a nearer resemblance to Truth. And as she has a light whereby she manifests the beauties of nature to the eyes of her adorers, so he had provided himself with a magical wand, that he might do something in imitation of it, and please with delusions. This he lifted solemnly, and muttering to himself, bid the glories which he kept under enchantment to appear before us. Immediately we cast our eyes on that part of the sky to which he pointed, and observed a thin blue prospect, which cleared as mountains in a summer morning when the mists go off, and the palace of Manity appeared to sight.

The foundation hardly seemed a foundation, but a set of curling clouds, which it stood upon by magical contrivance. The way by which we ascended was painted like a rainbow; and as we went, the breeze that played about us bewitched the senses. The walls were gilded all for show; the lowest set of pillars were of the slight fine Corinthian order and the top of the building being rounded, bore so far the resemblance of a bubble.

At the gate the travellers neither met with a porter, nor waited 'till one should appear; every one thought his merits a sufficient passport, and pressed

pressed forward. In the hall we met with several phantoms, that roved amongst us, and ranged the company according to their sentiments. There was decreasing Honour, that had nothing to shew in but an old coat of his ancestors atchievements: There was Ostentation, that made himself his own constant subject, and Gallantry strutting upon his tip-toes. At the upper end of the hall stood a throne, whose canopy glittered with all the riches that gaiety could contrive to lavish on it; and between the gilded arms sat Vanity, decked in the peacock's feathers, and acknowledged for another Venus by her votaries. The boy who stood beside her for a Cupid, and who made the world to bow before her, was called Self-Conceit. His eyes had every now and then a cast inwards, to the neglect of all objects about him; and the arms which he made use of for conquest, were borrowed from those against whom he had a design. The arrow which he shot at the soldier, was flegged from his own plume of feathers; the dart he directed against the man of wit, was winged from the quills he writ with; and that which he sent against those who presumed upon their riches, was headed with gold out of their treasures: he made nets for statesmen from their own contrivances; he took fire from the eyes of ladies, with which he melted their hearts; and lightning from the tongues of the eloquent, to enflame them with their own glories. At the foot of the throne sat three false graces, Flattery with a
shell

shell of paint, Affectation with a mirror to practise at, and Fashion ever changing the posture of her clothes. These applied themselves to secure the conquests which Self-Conceit had gotten, and had each of them their particular policies. Flattery gave new colours and complexions to all things, Affectation new airs and appearances, which, as the said, were not vulgar, and Fashion both concealed some home defects, and added some foreign external beauties.

As I was reflecting upon what I saw, I heard a voice in the croud, bemoaning the condition of mankind, which is thus managed by the breath of Opinion, deluded by Error, fired by Self-Conceit, and given up to be trained in all the courses of Vanity, till Scorn or Poverty come upon us. These expressions were no sooner handed about, but I immediately saw a general disorder, 'till at last there was a parting in one place, and a grave old man, decent and resolute, was led forward to be punished for the words he had uttered. He appeared inclined to have spoken in his own defence, but, I could not observe that any one was willing to hear him. Vanity cast a scornful smile at him; Self-Conceit was angry; Flattery, who knew him for Plain-dealings, put on a vizard, and turned away; Affectation tossed her fan, made mouths, and called him Envy or Slander; and Fashion would have it, that at least he must be Ill-Manners. Thus slighted and despised by all, he was driven out for abusing people

people of merit and figure; and I heard he firmly resolved, that he should be used no better where-ever they met with him hereafter.

I had already seen the meaning of most part of that warning which he had given, and was considering how the latter words should be fulfilled, when a mighty noise was heard without, and the door was blackened by a numerous train of Harpies crouding in upon us. Folly and Broken Credit were seen in the house before they entered. Trouble, Shame, Infamy, Scorn and Poverty brought up the rear. Vanity, with her Cupid and Graces, disappeared; her subjects ran into holes and corners; but many of them were found and carried off (as I was told by one who stood near me) either to prisons or cellars, solitude, or little company, the mean arts or the viler crafts of life. But these added he, with a disdainful air, are such who would fondly live here, when their merits neither matched the lustre of the place, nor their riches its expences. We have seen such scenes as these before now; the glory you saw will all return when the hurry is over. I thanked him for his information, and believing him so incorrigible as that he would stay, till it was his turn to be taken, I made off to the door, and overtook some few, who, though they would not hearken to plain dealing, were now terrified to good purpose by the example of others: But when they had touched the threshold, it was a strange shock to them to find that the delusion of Error was gone,

and overlook home, and though they would
 it was his turn to be taken off to the door,
 leaving him so insignificant, as that the world may still
 over. I thanked him for his information, and be-
 glory you saw, well all the more, which the duty is
 We have seen such scenes, those in the now; the
 lustre of the place, now, however, enjoyed the
 live here; when their eyes are first matched the
 with a disdained air, are such who would
 Vanity.

VISION

V I S I O N II

SPECTATOR. N^o 501.

HOW are we tortured with the absence of what we covet to possess, when it appears to be lost to us! what excursions does the soul make in imagination after it! and how does it turn into itself again, more foolishly fond and dejected, at the disappointment! our grief, instead of having recourse to reason, which might restrain it, searches to find a further nourishment. It calls upon memory to relate the several passages and circumstances of satisfaction which we formerly enjoyed; the pleasures we purchased by those riches that are taken from us; or the power and splendor of our departed honours; or the voice, the words, the looks, the temper, and affections of our friends that are deceased. It needs must happen from hence, that the passion should often swell to such a size as to burst the heart which contains it, if time did not make these circumstances less strong and lively, so that reason should become a more equal match for the passion, or if another desire which becomes more present did not overpower them with a livelier representation. These are thoughts

thoughts which I had, when I fell into a kind of vision upon this subject, and may therefore stand for a proper introduction to a relation of it.

I found myself upon a naked shore, with company whose afflicted countenances witnessed their conditions. Before us flowed a water, deep, silent, and called the river of Tears, which issuing from two fountains on an upper ground, encompassed an island that lay before us. The boat which plied in it was old and shattered, having been sometimes overlet by the impatience and haste of single passengers to arrive at the other side. This immediately was brought to us by Misfortune, who steers it, and we were all preparing to take our places, when there appeared a woman of a mild and composed behaviour, who began to deter us from it, by representing the dangers which would attend our voyage. Hereupon some who knew her for Patience, and some of those too, who till then cried the loudest, were persuaded by her, and returned back. The rest of us went in; and she (whose good nature would not suffer her to forsake persons in trouble) desired leave to accompany us, that she might at least administer some small comfort or advice while we sailed. We were no sooner embarked, but the boat was pushed off, the sheet was spread; and being filled with Sighs, which are the winds of that country, we made a passage to the farther bank thro'

thro' several difficulties, of which the most of us seemed utterly regardless.

When we landed, we perceived the island to be strangely overcast with fogs, which no brightness could pierce, so that a kind of gloomy horror sat always brooding over it. This had something in it very shocking to easy tempers, insomuch that some others, whom Patience had by this time gained over, left us here, and privily conveyed themselves round the verge of the island, to find a ford by which she told them they might escape.

For my part, I still went along with those who were for piercing into the centre of the place; and joining themselves to others whom we found upon the same journey, we marched solemnly as at a funeral, thro' bordering hedges of rosemary, and thro' a grove of yew-trees, which love to overshadow tombs and flourish in church-yards. Here we heard on every side the wailings and complaints of several of the inhabitants who had cast themselves disconsolately at the feet of trees; and as we chanced to approach any of these, we might perceive them wringing their hands, beating their breast, tearing their hair, or after some other manner visibly agitated with vexation. Our sorrows were heightened by the influence of what we heard and saw, and one of our number was wrought up to such a pitch of wildness, as to talk of hanging himself upon a bough which shot temptingly across the path we travelled in; but he was restrained

from

from it by the kind endeavours of our above-mentioned companion.

We had now gotten into the most dusky silent part of the island, and by the redoubled sounds of sighs, which made a doleful whistling in the branches, the thickness of air which occasioned faintish respiration, and the violent throbbings of heart which more and more affected us, we found that we approached the grotto of Grief. It was a wide, hollow, and melancholy cave, sunk deep in a dale, and watered by rivulets that had a colour between red and black. These crept slow, and half congealed amongst its windings, and mixed their heavy murmur with the echo of groans that rolled through all the passages. In the most retired part of it sat the doleful Being herself; the path to her was strewed with goads, stings, and thorns; and the throne on which she sat was broken into a rock, with ragged pieces pointing upwards for her to lean upon. A heavy mist hung above her, her head, oppressed with it, reclined upon her arm: Thus did she reign over her disconsolate subjects, full of herself to stupidity, in eternal pensiveness, and the profoundest silence. On one side of her stood Dejection, just dropping into a swoon, and Paleness wasting to a skeleton; on the other side were Care, inwardly tormented with imaginations, and Anguish suffering outward Troubles to suck the blood from her heart in the shape of Vultures. The whole vault had a genuine dismalness in it, which a few

M

scattered

scattered lamps, whose blueish flames arose and sunk in their urns, discovered to our eyes with increase. Some of us fell down, overcome and spent with what they suffered in the way, and were given over to those Tormentors that stood on either hand of the presence; others, galled and mortified with pain, recovered the entrance, where Patience, whom we had left behind, was still waiting to receive us.

With her (whose company was now become more grateful to us by the want we had found of her) we winded round the grotto, and ascended at the back of it, out of the mournful dale in whose bottom it lay. On this eminence we halted, by her advice, to pant for breath, and lifting our eyes, which till then were fixed downwards, felt a sullen sort of satisfaction, in observing thro' the shades what numbers had entered the island. This satisfaction, which appears to have ill-nature in it, was excusable, because it happened at a time when we were too much taken up with our own concern, to have respect to that of others; and therefore we did not consider them as suffering, but ourselves as not suffering in the most forlorn estate. It had also the ground-work of humanity and compassion in it, tho' the mind was then too deeply engaged to perceive it; but as we proceeded onwards it began to discover itself, and from observing that others were unhappy, we came to question one another, when it was that we met, and what were the sad occasions that brought us together. Then we heard our stories,

stories, we compared them, we mutually gave and received pity, and so by degrees became tolerable company.

A considerable part of the troublesome road was thus deceived; at length the openings among the trees grew larger, the air seemed thinner, it lay with less oppression upon us, and we could now and then discern tracts in it of a lighter greynefs, like the breakings of day, short in duration, much enlivening, and called in that country, Gleams of Amusement. Within a short while these gleams began to appear more frequent, and then brighter and of a longer continuance; the sighs that hitherto filled the air with so much dolefulness, altered to the sound of common breezes, and in general the horrors of the island were abated.

When we had arrived at last at the ford by which we were to pass out, we met with those fashionable mourners who had been ferried over along with us, and who being unwilling to go as far as we, had coasted by the shore to find the place, where they waited our coming; that by shewing themselves to the world only at that time when we did, they might seem also to have been among the troubles of the grotto. Here the waters, that rolled on the other side so deep and silent, were much dried up, and it was an easier matter for us to wade over.

The river being crossed, we were received upon the further bank by our friends and acquaintance, whom Comfort had brought out to congratulate our

appearance in the world again. Some of these blamed us for staying so long away from them, others advised us against all temptations of going back again; every one was cautious not to renew our trouble, by asking any particulars of the journey; and all concluded, that in a case of so much affliction, we could not have made choice of a fitter companion than Patience. Here Patience, appearing serene at her praises, delivered us over to Comfort. Comfort smiled at his receiving the charge; immediately the sky purpled on that side to which he turned, and double day at once broke in upon me.

I sleep, how noble a part of the creature I am, how dignified to be, and how distinguished in my station above other earthly creatures. From whence I fell to take a view of the change and corruption which he has introduced into his own condition, the groveling appetites, the mean characters of sense, and wild courses of passions that cast him from the degree in which Providence had placed him, the despairing himself with qualifications not his own, and his descending into a lower sphere of action. This mixed with a mixture of contempt and anger, which however, was not so violent as to hinder the return of sleep, but grew soiled as that came upon me, and made me and my reflections with giving mankind the opportunity of considering me mad and foolish. Here, methought, what my waking reason left the subject, my fancy painted it in a dream; and I imagined

V I S I O N III.

GUARDIAN. No 56.

Quid mentem transisse polo, quid profuit altum

Erexisse caput, pecudum si more pererrant? Claud.

IOW AS considering last night, when I could not sleep, how noble a part of the creation man was designed to be, and how distinguished in all his actions above other earthly creatures. From whence I fell to take a view of the change and corruption which he has introduced into his own condition, the groveling appetites, the mean characters of sense, and wild courses of passions; that cast him from the degree in which providence had placed him, the debasing himself with qualifications not his own, and his degenerating into a lower sphere of action: This inspired me with a mixture of contempt and anger; which however, was not so violent as to hinder the return of sleep, but grew confused as that came upon me, and made me end my reflections with giving mankind the opprobrious names of inconsiderate, mad and foolish.

Here, methought, where my waking reason left the subject, my fancy pursued it in a dream; and

I imagined myself in a loud soliloquy of passion, railing at my species, and walking hard to get rid of the company I despised; when two men who had over-heard me made up on either hand. These I observed had many features in common, which might occasion the mistake of the one for the other in those to whom they appear single; but I, who saw them together, could easily perceive, that tho' there was an air of severity in each, it was tempered with a natural sweetness in the one, and by turns constrained or ruffled by the designs of malice in the other.

I was at a loss to know the reason of their joining me so briskly, when he, whose appearance displeased me most, thus addressed his companion. Pray, brother, let him alone, and we shall immediately see him transformed into tyger. This struck me with horror, which the other perceived, and pitying my disorder, bid me be of good courage, for tho' I had been savage in my treatment of mankind (whom I should rather reform than rail against) he would, however, endeavour to rescue me from my danger. At this I looked a little more chearful, and while I testified my resignation to him, we saw the angry brother fling away from us in a passion for his disappointment. Being now left to my friend, I went back with him at his desire, that I might know the meaning of those words which so affrighted me.

As

As we went along, to inform you, says he, with whom you have this adventure, my name is Reproof, and his Reproach, both born of the same mother, but of different fathers. Truth is our common parent. Friendship, who saw her, fell in love with her, and she being pleased with him, he begat me upon her; but a while after Enmity lying in ambush for her, became the father of him whom you saw along with me. The temper of our mother inclines us to the same sort of business, the informing mankind of their faults; but the different complexions of our fathers make us differ in our designs and company. I have a natural benevolence in my mind, which engages me with friends, and he a natural impetuosity in his, which casts him among enemies.

As he thus discoursed, we came to a place where there were three entrances into as many several walks, which lay beside one another. We passed into the middlemost, a plain, strait, regular walk, set with trees, which added to the beauty of the place, but did not so close their boughs over head as to exclude the light from it. Here as we walked I was made to observe, how the road on one hand was full of rocks and precipices, over which Reproach (who had already gotten thither) was furiously driving unhappy wretches; the other side was all laid out in gardens of gaudy tulips, amongst whose leaves the serpents wreathed, and at the end of every grassy walk the enchantress Flattery was weaving bowers

to

to dull souls asleep in it. We continued still walking on the middle way, till we arrived at a building in which it terminated. This was formerly erected by Truth for a watch-tower, from whence she took a view of the earth, and as she saw occasion, sent out Reproof, or even Reproach, for our reformation. Over the door I took notice that a face was carved with a heart upon the lips of it, and presently called to mind that this was the ancient emblem of Sincerity. In the entrance I met with Freedom of Speech, and Complaisance, who had for a long time looked upon one another as enemies; but Reproof has so happily brought them together, that they now act as friends and fellow-agents in the same family. Before I ascended the stairs, I had my eyes purified by a water which made me see extremely clear, and I think they said it sprung in a pit, from whence (as Democritus had reported) they formerly brought up Truth, who had hid herself in it. I was then admitted to the upper chamber of prospect, which was called the Knowledge of Mankind; here the window was no sooner opened but I perceived the clouds to roll off and part before me, and a scene of all the variety of the world presented itself.

But how different was mankind in this view, from what it used to appear! Methought the very shape of most of them was lost; some had the heads of dogs, others of apes or parrots, and, in short, where-ever any one took upon him the infew

rior and unworthy qualities of other creatures, the change of his soul became visible in his countenance. The strutting pride of him who is endued with brutality instead of courage, made his face shoot out in the form of a horse's; his eyes waving prominent, his nostrils widened, and his wig untying flowed down on one side of his neck in a waving mane. The talkativeness of those who love the ill nature of conversation made them turn into assemblies of geese, their lips hardened into bills by eternal using, they gabbled for diversion, they hissed in scandal, and their ruffles falling back on their arms, a succession of little feathers appeared, which formed wings for them to flutter with from one visit to another. The envious and malicious lay on the ground with the heads of different sorts of serpents, and not endeavouring to erect themselves, but meditating mischief to others, they sucked the poison of the earth, sharpened their tongues to stings upon the stones, and rolled their trains unperceivably beneath their habits. The hypocritical oppressors wore the faces of crocodiles, their mouths were instruments of cruelty, their eyes of deceit; they committed wickedness, and bemoaned that there should be so much of it in the world; they devoured the unwary, and wept over the remains of them. The covetous had so hook'd and worn their fingers by counting interest upon interest, that they converted to the claws of harpies, and these they still were stretching out for more, yet seemed unsatisfied

with their acquisitions. The sharpeners had the looks of camelions; they every minute changed their appearance, and fed on swarms of flies which fell as so many cullies amongst them. The bully seemed a dunghill cock, he crested well, and bore his comb aloft; he was beaten almost by every one, yet still sung for triumph; and only the mean coward pricked up the ears of a hare to fly before him. Criticks were turned into cats, whose pleasure and grumbling go together. Fops were apes in embroidered jackets. Flatterers were curled spaniels, fawning and crouching. The crafty had the face of a fox, the slothful of an ass, the cruel of a wolf, the ill-bred of a bear, the leachers were goats, and the gluttons swine. Drunkenness was the only vice that did not change the face of its professors into that of another creature; but this I took to be far from a privilege, for these two reasons; because it sufficiently deforms them of itself, and because none of the lower ranks of beings is guilty of so foolish an intemperance.

As I was taking a view of these representations of things, without any more order than is usual in a dream, or in the confusion of the world itself, I perceived a concern within me for what I saw; my eyes began to moisten, and as if the virtue of that water with which they were purified was lost for a time, by their being touched with that which arose from a passion, the clouds immediately began to gather again, and close from either hand upon the prospect. I then turned towards my guide, who addressed

V I S I O N III. 169

addressed himself to me after this manner: You have seen the condition of mankind when it descends from its dignity; now therefore guard yourself from that degeneracy by a modest greatness of spirit on one side, and a conscious shame on the other. Endeavour also with a generosity of goodness to make your friends aware of it; let them know what defects you perceive are growing upon them; handle the matter as you see reason, either with the airs of severe or humourous affection; sometimes plainly describing the degeneracy in its full proper colours, or at other times letting them know that if they proceed as they have begun, you give them to such a day, or so many months, to turn bears, wolves, or foxes, &c. Neither neglect your more remote acquaintance, where you see any worthy and susceptible of admonition; expose the beasts whose qualities you see them putting on, where you have no mind to engage with their persons. The possibility of their applying this is very obvious: The Egyptians saw it so clearly, that they made the pictures of animals explain their minds to one another instead of writing; and indeed it is hardly to be missed, since Æsop took them out of their mute condition, and taught them to speak for themselves with relation to the actions of mankind.

VISION

V I S I O N I V

GUARDIAN, N^o 66.

THERE is a set of mankind, who are wholly employed in the ill-natured office of gathering up a collection of stories that lessen the reputation of others; and spreading them abroad with a certain air of satisfaction. Perhaps, indeed, an innocent and unmeaning curiosity, a desire of being informed concerning those we live with, or a willingness to profit by reflection upon the actions of others, may sometimes afford an excuse, or sometimes a defence, for inquisitiveness; but certainly it is beyond all excuse, a transgression against humanity, to carry the matter further, to tear off the dressings, as I may say, from the wounds of a friend, and expose them to the air in cruel fits of diversion; and yet we have something more to bemoan, an outrage of an higher nature, which mankind is guilty of when they are not content to spread the stories of folly, frailty and vice, but even enlarge them, invent new ones, and blacken characters, that we may appear ridiculous or hateful to one another. From such practices as these it happens, that some feel a sorrow, and others are agitated with a spirit of revenge; that scandals or lies are told, because another

another has told such before; that resentments and quarrels arise, and injuries are given, received, and multiplied, in a scene of vengeance.

All this I have often observed, with abundance of concern; and having a perfect desire to further the happiness of mankind, I lately set myself to consider the causes from whence such evils arise, and the remedies which may be applied. Whereupon I shut my eyes to prevent distraction from outward objects, and a while after shot away, upon an impulse of thought, into the World of Ideas, where abstracted qualities became visible in such appearances as were agreeable to each of their natures.

That part of the country, where I happened to light, was the most noisy that I had ever known. The winds whistled, the leaves rustled, the brooks rumbled; the birds chattered, the tongues of men were heard, and the echo mingled something of every sound in its repetition, so that there was a strange confusion and uproar of sounds about me. At length, as the noise still increased, I could discern a man habited like a herald (and, as I afterwards understood) called Novelty, that came forward, proclaiming a solemn day to be kept at the house of Common Fame. Immediately behind him advanced three nymphs, who had monstrous appearances. The first of these was Curiosity, habited like a virgin, and having an hundred ears upon her head to serve in her enquiries. The second of these was Talkativeness, a little better grown; she seemed to be

be like a young wife, and had an hundred tongues to spread her stories. The third was Censoriousness, habited like a Widow, and furrounded with an hundred squinting eyes of a malignant influence, which so obliquely darted on all around, that it was impossible to say which of them had brought in the information she boasted of. These, as I was informed, had been very instrumental in preserving and rearing Common Fame, when upon her birthday she was shuffled into a croud, to escape the search which Truth might have made after her and her parents. Curiosity found her there, Talkativeness conveyed her away, and Censoriousness so nursed her up, that in a short time she grew to a prodigious size, and obtained an empire over the universe; wherefore the Power, in gratitude for these services, has since advanced them to her highest employments. The next who came forward in this procession was a light damsel, called Credulity, who carried behind them the lamp, the silver vessel with a spout, and other instruments proper for this solemn occasion. She had formerly seen these three together, and conjecturing from the number of their ears, tongues and eyes, that they might be the proper Genii of Attention, Familiar Converse, and Ocular Demonstration, she from that time gave herself up to attend them. The last who followed were some who had closely muffled themselves in upper garments, so that I could not discern who they were; but just as the foremost of them was come up,

up, I am glad, says she, calling me by my name, to meet you at this time, stay close by me, and take a strict observation of all that passes. Her voice was sweet and commanding, I thought I had somewhere heard it; and from her, as I went along, I learned the meaning of every thing which offered.

We now marched forward thro' the Rookery of Rumours, which flew thick and with a terrible din all around us. At length we arrived at the house of Common Fame, where a hecatomb of Reputations was that day to fall for her pleasure. The house stood upon an eminence, having a thousand passages to it, and a thousand whispering holes for the conveyance of sound. The hall we entered was formed with the art of a music-chamber for the improvement of noises. Rest and Silence are banished the place. Stories of different natures wander in light flocks all about, sometimes truths and lies, or sometimes lies themselves clashing against one another. In the middle stood a table painted after the manner of the remotest Asiatic countries, upon which the lamp, the silver vessel, and cups of a white earth, were planted in order. Then dried herbs were brought, collected for the solemnity in moon-shine, and water being put to them, there was a greenish liquor made, to which they added the flower of milk, and an extraction from the canes of America, for performing a libation to the infernal Powers of Mischief. After this, Curiosity, retiring to a withdrawing-room, brought forth the
Victims,

Victims, being to appearance a set of small waxen images, which she laid upon the table one after another. Immediately Talkativeness gave each of them the name of some one, whom for the time they were to represent; and Censoriousness stuck them all about with black pins, still pronouncing at every one she stuck, something to the prejudice of the persons represented. No sooner were these rites performed, and incantations uttered, but the sound of a speaking trumpet was heard in the air, by which they knew the Deity of the place was propitiated and assisting. Upon this the sky grew darker, a storm arose, and murmurs, sighs, groans, cries, and the words of grief or resentment were heard within it. Thus the three Sorceresses discovered, that they, whose names they had given to the images, were already affected with what was done to them in effigy. The knowledge of this was received with the loudest laughter, and in many congratulatory words they applauded one another's wit and power.

As matters were at this high point of disorder, the muffled lady, whom I attended on, being no longer able to endure such barbarous proceedings, threw off her upper garment of reserve, and appeared to be Truth. As soon as she had confessed herself present, the speaking-trumpet ceased to sound, the sky cleared up, the storm abated, the noises which were heard in it ended, the laughter of the company was over, and a serene light, 'till then unknown to the place, was diffused around it. At this

this the detected Sorceresses endeavoured to escape in a cloud which I saw began to thicken about them, but it was soon dispersed, their charms being controuled and prevailed over by the superior Divinity. For my part, I was exceedingly glad to see it so, and began to consider what punishments she would inflict upon them. I fancied it would be proper to cut off Curiosity's ears, and fix them to the eaves of houses; to nail the tongue of Talkativeness to Indian tables; and to put out the eyes of Censoriousness with a flash of her light. In respect of Credulity I had indeed some little pity, and had I been judge, she might perhaps, have escaped with a hearty reproof.

But I soon found that the discerning Judge had other designs; she knew them for such as will not be destroyed entirely, while mankind is in being, and yet ought to have a brand and punishment affixed to them, that they may be avoided. Wherefore she took a seat for judgment, and had the criminals brought forward by Shame, ever blushing, and Trouble with a whip of many lashes, two phantoms who had dogged the procession in disguise, and waited till they had an authority from Truth to lay hands upon them. Immediately then she ordered Curiosity and Talkativeness to be fettered together, that the one should never suffer the other to rest, nor the other ever let her remain undiscovered. Light Credulity she linked to Shame at the Tormenter's own request, who was pleased to be thus

N

secure

secure that her prisoner should not escape; and this was done partly for her punishment, and partly for her amendment. Censoriousness was also in like manner begged by Trouble, and had her assigned for an eternal companion. After they were thus chained with one another, by the judge's order, she drove them from the presence to wander for ever through the world, with Novelty stalking before them.

The cause being now over, she retreated from sight within the splendour of her own glory, which leaving the house it had brightened, the sounds that were proper to the place began to be as loud and confused as when we entered, and there being no longer a clear distinguished appearance of any objects represented to me, I returned from the excursion I had made in fancy.

VISION

V I S I O N V.

WHATEVER industry and eagerness the modern discoverers have shewn for the knowledge of new countries, there yet remains an ample field in the creation to which they are utter strangers, and which all the methods of travelling hitherto invented, will never bring them acquainted with. Of this I can give a very particular instance in an accident which lately happened to me.

As I was on the 6th of this instant, being Feb. 1715, walking with my eyes cast upward, I fell into a reflection on the vast tracts of air which appeared before me as uninhabited. And wherefore, said I to myself, should all this space be created? Can it only be for an odd bird to fly through, as now and then a man may pass a desert? Or are there also kingdoms with their particular polities, and people, of a species which we know nothing of, ordained to live in it?

It was in this manner I continued my thought, when my feet forsook the level, and I was insensibly mounted in the air, till I arrived at a footing as firm and level as what I had left. But with what surprise did I find myself among creatures distinct from us in shape and customs?

The inhabitants are of a small stature, below those which history describes for pigmies. The tallest of them exceed not fourteen or fifteen inches, and the least hardly three. This difference proceeds only from their growth before they are brought to light; for after we never observe them to grow, unless it please their parents, who have this uncommon method of enabling them; they recal them to the womb, where having been for some time, they receive an addition to their bulk, then go back to their houses, and continue at a stand as they did before. The experiment has been often tried with success, but some have suffered extremely by undergoing it.

Their skins are like the antient Britons, all drawn over with a variety of figures. The colour made use of for this end is generally black. I have indeed observed in some of the religious, and lawyers of the country, red here and there intermingled, though not so commonly of late. They tell me too, they often used to paint with all colours; and I visited two or three of the old inhabitants, who were adorned in that fashion; but this is now disused, since the new inventions, by which the use of a black fountain that belongs to that country, is rendered more useful and serviceable.

The clothes in which they go clad, are the skins of beasts, worn by some plain, by others with figures wrought upon them. Gold is also made use of by some, to beautify their apparel; but very seldom silver,

river, unless, as bucklers are by us, for fastening the garment before. I have seen some of them go like seamen in thin blue skirts, others like Indians in a party-coloured loose kind of apparel, and others, who they told me were the politicians of the country, go about stark naked.

The manner of dressing them is this: At first when they come into the world, they have a suit given them, which if it do not fit exactly, is not as with us fitted up again, but the children are in a cruel manner cut and squeezed to bring them to its proportion. Yet this they seem not much to regard, provided their principal parts are not affected. When the dress is thus settled on them, they are clad for life, it being seldom their custom to alter it, or put it off: In short, they live in it night and day, and wear it to rags rather than part with it, being sure of the same torture, and a greater danger, if they should be dressed a second time. I have further taken notice, that they delight to go open-breasted, most of them shewing their bosoms speckled. Some lawyers indeed wear them quite white, perhaps for distinction sake, or to be known at a distance. But the finest shew is among the beaux and ladies, who mightily affect something of gold, both before and behind them.

Food I never saw them eat; they being a people, who, as I observed, live in air: Their houses are all single and high, having no back rooms, but frequently seven or eight stories, which are all separate

houses above one another. They have one gate to their city, and generally no doors to their houses; tho' I have sometimes seen them have particular doors, and even made of glass, where the inhabitants have been observed to stand many days, that their fine apparel may be seen thro' them. If at any time they lye down, which they do when they come from their habitations (as if coming abroad were their greatest fatigue) they will lye together in heaps without receiving hurt: tho' the soundest sleep they get is when they can have dust enough to cover them over.

The females amongst them are but few; nothing being there produced by a marriage of sexes. The males are of a different strength or endowment of parts, some having knowledge in an extream degree, and others none at all; yet at the same time, they are mighty pretenders to instruct others. Their names (for as many as would discover them to me) I observed to be the very same as ours are upon earth; I met a few who made theirs a mystery; but why, I am yet to learn. They are so communicative, that they will tell all the knowledge they boast, if a stranger apply himself to their conversation: and this may be worth his while, if he considers that all languages, arts, and sciences, are professed amongst them. I think I may say it without vanity, that I knew a certain Talisman, with proper figures and characters inscribed, whereby their greatest people may be charmed, brought to reside with

with a man, and serve him like a familiar in the conduct of life.

There is no such thing as fighting amongst them, but their controversies are determined by words, wherein they seldom own themselves conquered, yet proceed no further than two or three replies: perhaps indeed two others take up their neighbours quarrel, but then they desist too after the same manner; sometimes however, blows have ensued upon their account, though not amongst them: In such a case they have descended to inspire mankind with their sentiments, and chosen champions from among us, in order to decide it.

The time of their life is very different, some die as soon as born, and others in their youth; some get a new lease of life by their entering into the womb again, and if any weather it out to an hundred years, they generally live on to an extreme age. After which it is remarkable, that instead of growing weaker as we do, by time, they increase in strength, and become at last so confirmed in health, that it is the opinion of their country, they never can perish while the world remains.

The sicknesses which may take them off, besides what happens from their natural weakness of body, are of different sorts. One is over-moisture, which affecting their mansions, makes them lose their complexions, become deformed, and rot away insensibly: This is often obviated by their not keeping too much within doors. Another is the worms, which

which prey upon their bowels: If they be maimed by accidents, they become like us, so far useless; and that maim will sometime or other be the occasion of their ruin. However, they perish by these means only in appearance, and like Spirits, who vanish in one place, to be seen in another. But as men die of passions, so disesteem is what the most nearly touches them; then they withdraw into holes and corners, and consume away in darkness. Or if they are kept alive a few days by the force of spices, it is but a short reprieve from their perishing to eternity; without any honour, but that instead of a burial, a small pile of paste should be erected over them, while they, like the antient Romans, are reduced to ashes.

N.B. This vision is to be understood of a library of books.

which prey upon their bowels: If they be maintained
by accidents, they become like us, to far wheels;
and that main will be either the occurrence
of their ruin. However, they perish by these
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vanish in one place, to be seen in another. But
as men die of passions, so dissection is what the
most nearly touches them; then they withdraw into
holes and corners, and come away in darkness.
Or if they are kept alive a few days by the force of
spices, it is but to see them from their perishing
to eternity, without any honour, but that instead
of a ball, a small globe of air should be erected
over them, while they, like the ancient Romans, are
reduced to ashes.

HO ME R'S

BATTLE

OF THE

FROGS and MICE.

*Vide quam iniqui sunt divinatorum munerum aestimatores,
etiam quidem professi sapientiam.* SENECA.

THE

1821

THE

P R I N T E D A T

U

HAVING been informed that the trans-
action of H A N D had been attempted,
I resolved to visit the establishment and understand
the situation of the same. I was successful
in my mission, and found the establishment
in a state of great confusion, and the
books and papers in a state of great
disorder.

O F H A N D

A T

O F T H E

B E I N G

T H E

W O R K

W O R K

P R E F A C E.

HAVING some time ago heard, that the translation of HOMER's Iliad would be attempted, I resolved to confer with the gentleman who undertook it. I found him of a tall presence, and thoughtful countenance, with his hands folded, his eyes fixed, and his beard untrimmed. This I took to be a good omen, because he thus resembled the Constantinopolitan Statue of HOMER which Cedrenus describes; and surely nothing could have been liker, had he but arrived at the character of age and blindness. As my business was to be my introduction, I told him how much I was acquainted with the secret history of HOMER; that no one better knows his own horse, than I do the camel of Bactria, in which his soul resided at the time of the Trojan wars; that my acquaintance continued with him, as he appeared in the person of the Grecian poet; that I knew him in his next transmigration into a peacock; was pleased with his return to manhood, under the name of Ennius at Rome; and more pleased to hear he would soon revive under another name, with all his full lustre, in England. This knowledge, added I, which sprung from the love I bear him, has made me
fond

fond of a conversation with you, in order to the success of your translation.

The civil manner in which he received my proposal encouraging me to proceed, I told him, there were arts of success, as well as merits to obtain it; and that he, who now dealt in Greek, should not only satisfy himself with being a good Grecian, but also contrive to hasten into the repute of it. He might therefore write in the title-page, Translated from the original Greek, and select a Motto for his purpose out of the same language. He might obtain a copy of verses written in it to prefix to the work; and not call the titles of each book, the first, and second, but Iliad Alpha, and Beta. He might retain some names, which the world is least acquainted with, as his old translator Chapman uses Ephyra instead of Vulcan, Baratrum for hell; and if the notes were filled with Greek verses, it would more increase the wonder of many readers. Thus I went on; when he told me, smiling, I had shewn him indeed a set of arts very different from merit, for which reason he thought, he ought not to depend upon them. A success, says he, founded on the ignorance of others, may bring a temporary advantage, but neither a conscious satisfaction, nor future fame to the author. Men of sense despise the affectation which they easily see through, and even they who were dazzled with it at first, are no sooner informed of its being an affectation, but they imagine it also a veil to cover imperfection.

The

The next point I ventured to speak on, was the sort of poetry he intended to use, how some may fancy, a poet of the greatest fire would be imitated better in the freedom of blank verse, and the description of war sounds more pompous out of rhyme. But, will the translation, said he, be thus removed enough from prose, without great inconveniencies? What transposition is Milton forced to, as an equivalent for want of rhyme, in the poetry of a language which depends upon a natural order of words? And even this would not have done his business had he not given the fullest scope to his genius, by choosing a subject upon which there could be no hyperboles. We see, however he be deservedly successful, that the ridicule of his manner succeeds better than the imitation of it; because transpositions, which are unnatural to a language, are to be fairly derided if they ruin it by being frequently introduced; and because hyperboles, which outrage every lesser subject where they are seriously used, are often beautiful in ridicule. Let the French, whose language is not copious, translate in prose; but ours, which exceeds it in copiousness of words, may have a more frequent likeness of sounds, to make the unison or rhyme easier; a grace of music, that atones for the harshness our consonants and monosyllables occasion.

After this, I demanded what air he would appear with? whether antiquated, like Chapman's version, or modern, like La Motte's contraction. To which he answered, by desiring me to observe what a painter does who would always have his pieces in fashion. He
neither

neither chooses to draw a beauty in a ruff, or a French-head; but with its neck uncovered, and in its natural ornament of hair curled up, or spread becomingly; so may a writer choose a natural manner of expressing himself, which will always be in fashion, without affecting to borrow an odd solemnity and unintelligible pomp from the past times, or humouring the present by falling into its affectations, and those phrases which are born to die with it.

I asked him, lastly, whether he would be strictly literal, or expatiate with further licenses? I would not be literal, replies he, or tied up to line for line in such a manner, wherein it is impossible to express in one language what has been delivered in another. Neither would I so expatiate, as to alter my author's sentiments, or add others of my own. These errors are to be avoided on either hand, by adhering not only to the word, but the spirit and genius of an author; by considering what he means, with what beautiful manner he has expressed his meaning in his own tongue, and how he would have expressed himself, had it been in ours. Thus we ought to seek for HOMER in a version of HOMER: other attempts are but transformations of him: such as Ovid tells us, where the name is retained, and the thing altered: this will be really what you mentioned in the compliment you began with, a transmigration of the poet from one country into another.

Here ended the serious part of our conference. All I remember further was, that having asked him, what
he

he designed with all those editions and comments I observed in his room? He made answer, that if any one, who had a mind to find fault with his performance, would but stay till it was entirely finished, he should have a very cheap bargain of them.

Since this discourse, I have often resolved to try what it was to translate in the spirit of a writer, and at last, chose the Battle of the Frogs and Mice, which is ascribed to HOMER; and bears a nearer resemblance to his Iliad, than the Culex does to the Æneid of Virgil. Statius and others think it a work of youth, written as a prelude to his greater poems. Chapman thinks it the work of his age, after he found men ungrateful; to shew he could give strength, lineage, and fame as he pleased, and praise a mouse as well as a man. Thus, says he, the poet professedly flung up the world, and applied himself at last to hymns. Now, though this reason of his may be nothing more than a scheme formed out of the order in which HOMER's works are printed, yet does the conjecture that this poem was written after the Iliad, appear probable, because of its frequent allusions to that poem, and particularly that there is not a frog or a mouse killed, which has not its parallel instance there, in the death of some warrior or other.

The poem itself is of the epic kind; the time of its action the duration of two days; the subject, however in its nature frivolous, or ridiculous, raised, by having the most shining words and deeds of gods and heroes accommodated to it; and while other poems often com-
pare

pare the illustrious exploits of great men to those of brutes, this always brightens the subject by comparisons drawn from things above it. We have a great character given it with respect to the fable in Gaddius de scrip. non eccles. It appears, says he, nearer perfection than the *Iliad* or *Odysses*, and excels both in judgment, wit, and exquisite texture, since it is a poem perfect in its own kind. Nor does *Crustus* speak less to its honour, with respect to the moral, when he cries out in an apostrophe to the reader; "Whoever you are, mind not the names of these little animals, but look into the things they mean; call them men, call them kings or counsellors, or human polity itself, you have here doctrines of every sort." And indeed, when I hear the frog talk concerning the mouse's family, I learn equality should be observed in making friendships; when I hear the mouse answer the frog, I remember, that a similitude of manners should be regarded in them; when I see their councils assembling, I think of the bustles of human prudence; and when I see the battle grow warm and glorious, our struggles for honour and empire appear before me.

This piece had many imitations of it in antiquity, as the fight of the Cats, the Cranes, the Starlings, the Spiders, &c. That of the Cats is in the Bodleian library, but I was not so lucky as to find it. I have taken the liberty to divide my translation into books, though it be otherways in the original, according as the fable allowed proper resting-places, by varying its scene, or nature of action; this I did, after the ex-
 4 ample

ample of Aristarchus and Zenodotus in the *Iliad*. I then thought of carrying the grammarians example further, and placing arguments at the head of each, which I framed as follows, in imitation of the short ancient Greek inscriptions to the *Iliad*.

B O O K I.

*In Alpha the ground
Of the quarrel is found.*

B O O K II.

*In Beta, we
The council see.*

B O O K III.

*Dire Gamma relates
The work of the Fates.*

But as I am averse from all information which lessens our surprize, I only mention these for a handle to quarrel with the custom of long arguments before a poem. It may be necessary in books of controversy or abstruse learning, to write an epitome before each part; but it is not kind to forestal us in a work of fancy, and make our attention remiss by a previous account of the end of it.

The next thing which employed my thoughts was the heroes names. It might perhaps take off somewhat from the majesty of the poem, had I cast away such noble sounds as, *Phrygiathus*, *Lycipinax*, and

Cram-

Cramphobagus, to substitute *Bluff-cheek*, *Lick-dish*, and *Cabbage eater*, in their places. It is for this reason I have retained them untranslated: however, I place them in English before the poem, and sometimes give a short character extracted out of their names; as in *Polyphonus*, *Pternophagus*, &c. that the reader may not want some light of their honour in the original.

But what gave me a greater difficulty was, to know how I should follow the poet, when he inserted pieces of lines from his *Iliad*, and struck out a sprightliness by their new application. To supply this in my translation I have added one or two of HOMER's particularities; and used two or three allusions to some of our English poets who most resemble him, to keep some image of this spirit of the original with an equivalent beauty. To use more might make my performance seem a cento rather than a translation, to those who know not the necessity I lay under.

I am not ignorant, after all my care, how the world receives the best compositions of this nature. A man need only go to a painter's, and apply what he hears said of a picture to a translation, to find how he shall be used upon his own, or his author's account. There one spectator tells you, a piece is extremely fine, but he sets no value on what is not like the face it was drawn for; while a second informs you, such another is extremely like, but he cares not for a piece of deformity, though its likeness be never so exact.

Yet notwithstanding all which happens to the best, when I translate, I have a desire to be reckoned amongst

P R E F A C E.

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mongst them; and I shall obtain this, if the world will be so good-natured as to believe writers that give their own characters: upon which presumption, I answer to all objections before-hand, as follows:

When I am literal, I regard my author's words; when I am not, I translate in spirit. If I am low, I choose the narrative stile; if high, the subject required it. When I am enervate, I give an instance of antient simplicity; when affected, I shew a point of modern delicacy. As for beauties, there never can be one found in me which was not really intended; and for any faults, they proceeded from too unbounded fancy, or too nice judgment, but by no means from any defect in either of those faculties.

OR

THE

pendent golf course, etc. Martin.

THEY who have undertaken to correct the
nature and extent of different kinds of
first editions of authors, the importance of this
and the judgment which is called upon, to
three branches into which they are divided, the
the last of these, that directs the editor's
and takes care to prepare us for reading them, is by
the learned Bacon, called the organ of the reader
In this chair, to carry on the business of the
folio, Demetrius Phalereus, Dionysius Halicarnassensis,
Seneca, Cicero, Juvenal, and Horace;
all great names of antiquity, the editors of those
ages which went before them, and the directors of
those

THE
L I F E
OF
Z O I L U S.

Pendentem volo Zoilum videre, MARTIAL.

THEY who have discoursed concerning the nature and extent of criticism, take notice, that editions of authors, the interpretations of them, and the judgment which is passed upon each, are the three branches into which the art divides itself. But the last of these, that directs the choice of books, and takes care to prepare us for reading them, is, by the learned Bacon, called the chair of the critics. In this chair, to carry on the figure, have sat Aristotle, Demetrius Phalereus, Dionysius Halicarnassensis, Cicero, Horace, Quintilian, and Longinus; all great names of antiquity, the censors of those ages which went before them, and the directors of

those that come after them, with respect to the natural and perspicuous manner of thought and expression, by which a correct and judicious genius may be able to write for the pleasure and profit of mankind.

But whatever has been advanced by men really great in themselves, has been also attempted by others of capacities either unequal to the undertaking, or which have been corrupted by their passions, and drawn away into partial violences; so that we have sometimes seen the province of criticism usurped, by such who judge with an obscure diligence, and a certain dryness of understanding, incapable of comprehending a figurative stile, or being moved by the beauties of imagination; and at other times by such, whose natural moroseness in general, or particular designs of envy, has rendered them indefatigable against the reputation of others.

In this last manner is ZOLLUS represented to us by antiquity, and with a character so abandoned, that his name has been since made use of to brand all succeeding critics of his complexion. He has a load of infamy thrown upon him, great, in proportion to the fame of HOMER, against whom he opposed himself: if the one was esteemed as the very residue of wit, the other is described as a profligate, who would destroy the temple of Apollo and the Muses, in order to have his memory preserved by the envious action. I imagine it may be no ungrateful undertaking to write some account of

this

celebrated person, from whom so many derive their character; and I think the life of a critic is not unreasonably put before the works of his poet, especially when his censures accompany him. If what he advances be just, he stands here as a censor; if otherwise, he appears as an addition to the poet's fame, and is placed before him with the justice of antiquity in its sacrifices, when, because such a beast had offended such a deity, he was brought annually to his altar to be slain upon it.

ZÖILUS was born at Amphipolis, a city of Thrace, during the times in which the Macedonian empire flourished. Who his parents were is not certainly known, but if the appellation of Thracian Slave, which the world applied to him, be not merely an expression of contempt, it proves him of mean extraction. He was a disciple of one Polycrates, a sophist, who had distinguished himself by writing against the names of the ages before him; and who, when he is mentioned as his master, is said to be particularly famous for a bitter accusation or invective against the memory of Socrates. In this manner is ZÖILUS set out to posterity, like a plant naturally baneful, and having its poison rendered more acute and subtle by a preparation.

In his person he was tall and meagre, his complexion was pale, and all the motions of his face were sharp. He is represented by Ælian, with a beard nourished to a prodigious length, and his head kept close shaved, to give him a magisterial
appear:

appearance: his coat hung over his knees in a slovenly fashion; his manners were formed upon an aversion to the customs of the world. He was fond of speaking ill, diligent to sow dissention, and from the constant bent of his thought, had obtained that sort of readiness for slander or reproach, which is esteemed wit by the light opinion of some who take the remarks of ill-nature for an understanding of mankind, and the abrupt lapses of rudeness for the spirit of expression. This, at last, grew to such a height in him, that he became careless of concealing it; he threw off all reserves and managements in respect of others, and the passion so far took the turn of a phrenzy, that being one day asked, why he spoke ill of every one? "It is," says he, because I am not able to do them ill, though I have so great a mind to it." Such extravagant declarations of his general enmity made men deal with him as with the creature he affected to be; they no more spoke of him as belonging to the species he hated; and from henceforth his learned speeches, or fine remarks, could obtain no other title for him, but that of *The rhetorical dog*.

While he was in Macedon he employed his time in writing, and reciting what he had written in the schools of sophists. His oratory, says Dionysius Halicarnassensis, was always of the demonstrative kind, which concerns itself about praise or dispraise. His subjects were the most approved authors, whom he chose to abuse upon the account of their reputa-

tion;

tion; and to whom, without going round the matters, in faint praises or artificial insinuations, he used to deny their own characteristics. With this gallantry of opposition did he censure Xenophon for affectation, Plato for vulgar notions, and Isocrates for incorrectness. Demosthenes, in his opinion, wanted fire, Aristotle subtilty, and Aristophanes humour. But, as to have reputation was with him a sufficient cause of enmity, so to have that reputation universal, was what wrought his frenzy to its wildest degree; for which reason it was HOMER, with whom he was implacably angry. And certainly, if envy choose its object for the power to give torment, it should here, if ever, have the glory of fully answering its intentions; for the poet was so worshipped by the whole age, that this critic had not the common alleviation of the opinion of one other man, to concur in his condemnation. ZOLLUS however went on with indefatigable industry, in a voluminous work which he intitled, *The River, or Censure of HOMER*: 'till having at last finished it, he prepares to send it into the world with a pompous title at the head, invented for himself by way of excellency, and thus inserted after the manner of the antients.

ZOLLUS, the scourge of HOMER, writ this against that leaven of fables.

Thus did he value himself upon a work, which the world has not thought worth transmitting to us, and but just left a specimen in five or six quotations,

which

which happen to be preserved by the commentators of that poet against whom he writ it. If any one be fond to form a judgment upon him from these instances, they are as follow:

Il. 1. He says, HOMER is very ridiculous, a word he was noted to apply to him, when he makes such a god as Apollo employ himself in killing dogs and mules.

Il. 5. HOMER is very ridiculous in describing Diomedes's helmet and armour, as sparkling, and in a blaze of fire about him; for then why was he not burned by it?

Il. 5. When Idæus quitted his fine chariot, which was entangled in the fight, and for which he might have been slain, the poet was a fool for making him leave his chariot; he had better have run away in it.

Il. 24. When Achilles makes Priam run out of his tent, lest the Greeks should hear of his being there, the poet had no breeding, to turn a king out in that manner.

Od. 9. The poet says, Ulysses lost an equal number out of each ship. The critic says, that is impossible.

Od. 10. He derides the men who were turned into swine, and calls them HOMER's poor little blubbering pigs. The first five of these remarks are found in Didymus, the last in Longinus.

Such as these are the cold jests and trifling quarrels, which have been registered from a composition,

tion, that, according to the representation handed down to us, was born in envy, liv'd a short life in contempt, and lies for ever buried with infancy.

But, as his design was judged by himself wonderfully well accomplished, Macedon began to be esteem'd a stage too narrow for his glory; and Egypt, which had then taken learning into its patronage, the proper place where it ought to diffuse its beams, to the surprize of all whom he would persuade to reckon themselves hitherto in the dark, and under the prejudices of a false admiration. However, as he had prepared himself for the journey, he was suddenly diverted for a while by the rumour of the Olympic games, which were at that time to be celebrated. Thither he steer'd his course, full of the memory of Herodotus, and others who had successfully recited in that assembly; and pleas'd to imagine he should alter all Greece in their notions of wit before he left it.

Upon his arrival, he found the field in its preparation for diversion. The chariots stood for the race, carved and gilded, the horses were led in costly trappings, some practis'd to wrestle, some to dart the spear, or whatever they designed to engage at, in a kind of flourish before-hand: others were looking on to amuse themselves; and all gaily dress'd according to the custom of those places. Through these did ZOILUS move forward, bald-headed, bearded to the middle, in a long sad-colour'd vestment, and inflexibly stretching forth his

his hands filled with volumes rolled up to a vast thickness: a figure most venerably slovenly! able to demand attention upon account of its oddness. And indeed, he had no sooner fixed himself upon an eminence, but a croud flocked about him to know what he intended. Then the critic casting his eyes on the ring, opened his volume slowly, as considering with what part he might most properly entertain his audience. It happened, that the games at Patroclus's obsequies came first into his thought; whether it was that he judged it suitable to the place, or knew that he had fallen as well upon the games themselves, as upon HOMER for celebrating them, and could not resist his natural disposition to give mankind offence. Every one was now intently fastened upon him, while he undertook to prove, that those games signified nothing to the taking of Troy, and therefore only furnished an impertinent episode: that the fall of the lesser Ajax in cowardice, the squabble of the chariot-race, and other accidents which attend such sports, are mean or trifling; and a world of other remarks, for which he still affirmed HOMER to be a fool, and which they that heard him took for studied invectives against those exercises they were then employed in. Men who frequent sports, as they are of a cheerful disposition, so are they lovers of poetry: this, together with the opinion they were affronted, wrought them up to impatience and further licences: there was particularly a young Athenian gentleman who

way

was to run three chariots in those games, who being an admirer of HOMER, could no longer contain himself, but cried out, "What in the name of Castor have we here, Zoilus from Thrace?" and as he said it, struck him with a chariot-whip. Immediately then a hundred whips were seen curling round his head, so that his face, naturally deformed, and heightened by pain to its utmost caricature, appeared in the midst of them, as we may fancy the visage of Envy, if at any time her snakes rise in rebellion to lash their mistress. Nor was this all the punishment they decreed him, when once they imagined he was ZOILUS: the Scyronian rocks were near them, and thither they hurried him with a general cry, to that speedy justice which is practised at places of diversion.

It is here, that, according to Suidas, the eritic expired. But we, following the more numerous testimonies of other authors, conclude he escaped either by the lowness of those rocks whence he was thrust, or by bushes which might break his fall; and soon after following the courses of his first intention, he set sail for Egypt.

Egypt was at this time governed by Ptolemy Philadelphus, a prince passionately fond of learning, and learned men; particularly an admirer of HOMER to adoration. He had built the finest library in the world, and made the choicest, as well as most numerous collection of books. No encouragements were wanting from him to allure men of the

the brightest genius to his court, and no time thought too much which he spent in their company. From hence it is that we hear of Eratosthenes and Aristophanes, those universal scholars, and candid judges of other mens performances; Callimachus, a poet of the most easy, courteous delicacy, famous for a poem on the cutting of Berenice's hair; and whom Ovid so much admired as to say, "It was reason enough for him to love a woman, if she would but tell him he exceeded Callimachus;" Theocritus, the most famous in the pastoral way of writing; and among the young men, Aristarchus and Apollonius Rhodius; the one of whom proved a most judicious critic, the other a poet of no mean character.

These, and many more, filled the court of that munificent prince, whose liberal dispensations of wealth and favour became encouragements to every one to exert their parts to the utmost; like streams which flow through different sorts of soils, and improve each in that for which it was adapted by nature.

Such was the court when Zoilus arrived; but before he entered Alexandria, he spent a night in the temple of Isis, to enquire of the success of his undertaking; not that he doubted the worth of his works, but his late misfortune had instructed him, that others might be ignorant of it. Having therefore performed the accustomed sacrifice, and com-

posed himself to rest upon the hide, he had a vision which foretold of his future fame.

He found himself sitting under the shade of a dark yew, which was covered with hellebore and hemlock, and near the mouth of a cave, where sat a monster, pale, wasted, surrounded with snakes, fostering a cockatrice in her bosom; and cursing the sun, for making the work of the deities appear in its beauty. The sight of this bred fear in him; when she suddenly turning her sunk eyes, put on a hideous kind of a loving grin, in which he discovered a resemblance to some of his own features. Then turning up her snakes, and interlacing them in the form of a turbant to give him less disgust, she thus addressed herself: "Go on, my son, in whom I am renewed, and prosper in thy brave undertakings on mankind: assert their wit to be dulness; prove their sense to be folly; know truth only when it is on thy own side; and acknowledge learning at no other time to be useful. Spare not an author of any rank or size; let not thy tongue or pen know pity; make the living feel thy accusations; make the ghosts of the dead groan in their tombs for their violated fame. But why do I spend time in needless advice, which may be better used in encouragement? let thy eyes delight themselves with the future recompence which I have reserved for thy merit." Thus spoke the monster, and shrieked the name of ZOILUS: the shades who were to beat

bear the same name after him became obedient, and
 the mouth of the cave was filled with strange super-
 cilious countenances, which all crowded to make
 their appearance. These began to march before
 him with an imitation of his mien and manners :
 some crowned with wild sorrel, others having leaves
 of dead bays mingled amongst it ; while the mon-
 ster still described them as he passed, and touched
 each with a livid track of malignant light that shot
 from her eye, to point where she meant the de-
 scription. “ They (says she) in the chaplets of
 “ wild sorrel, are my writers of prose, who erect
 “ scandal into criticism : they who wear the wi-
 “ thered bay with it, are such who write poems,
 “ which are professedly to answer all rules, and be
 “ left for patterns to men of genius. These that
 “ follow shall attack others, because they are excelled
 “ by them. The next rank shall make an author’s
 “ being read a sufficient ground of opposition.
 “ Here march my grammarians skilled to torture
 “ words ; there my sons of sophistry, ever ready
 “ to wrest a meaning. Observe how faint the
 “ foremost of the procession appear ; and how they
 “ are lost in yonder mists which roll about the cave
 “ of oblivion ! this shews, it is not for themselves
 “ that they are to be known ; the world will
 “ consider them only as managing a part of thy
 “ endowments, and so know them by thy name
 “ while they live, that their own shall be lost for
 “ every. But see how my cave still swarms ! how
 “ every

“every age produces men, upon whom the prefer-
 “vation of thy memory devolves. My darling, the
 “fates have decreed it! thou art ZOILUS, and
 “ZOILUS shall be eternal: come, my serpents,
 “applaud him with your hisses, that is all which
 “now can be done; in modern times my sons
 “shall invent louder instruments, and artificial imi-
 “tations; noises which drown the voice of merit,
 “shall furnish a concert to delight them.” Here
 she arose to clasp him in her arms, a strange noise
 was heard, the critic started at it, and his vision
 forsook him.

It was with some confusion, that he lay musing a
 while upon what he had seen; but reflecting, that
 the goddess had given him no answer concerning
 his success in Ægypt, he strengthened his heart in his
 ancient self love and enmity to others, and took all
 for an idle dream born on the fumes of indigestion,
 or produced by the dizzy motion of his voyage. In
 this opinion, he told it at his departure to the priest,
 who admiring the extraordinary relation, registered
 it in hieroglyphics at Canopus.

The day when he came to Alexandria was one on
 which the king had appointed games to Apollo and
 the Muses, and honours and rewards for such writers
 as should appear in them. This he took for a happy
 omen at his entrance, and, not to lose an opportu-
 nity of shewing himself, repaired immediately to the
 public theatre, where, as if every thing was to favour
 him, the very first accident gave his spleen a diver-

P

sion,

sion, which we find at large in the poem of the seventh book of Vitruvius. It happened that when the poets had recited, six of the judges decreed the prizes with a full approbation of all the audience. From this Aristophanes alone dissented, and demanded the first prize for a person whose bashful and interrupted manner of speaking made him appear the most disgusting; for he (says the judge) is alone a poet, and all the rest reciters; and they who are judges should not approve theists, but writings. To maintain his assertion, those volumes were produced from whence they had been stolen: upon which the king ordered them to be formally tried for theft, and dismissed with infamy; but placed Aristophanes over his library, as one who had given a proof of his knowledge in books. This passage ZŒILUS often afterwards repeated with pleasure, for the number of disgraces which happened in it to the pretenders in poetry; though his envy made him still careful not to name Aristophanes, but a judge in general.

However, criticism had only a short triumph over poetry, when he made the next turn his own, by stepping forward into the place of reciting. Here he immediately raised the curiosity, and drew the attention of both king and people: but, as it happened, neither the one nor the other lasted; for the first sentence where he had registred his own name, satisfied their curiosity; and the next, where he offered to prove to a court so devoted to HOMER, that he was ridiculous in every thing, went near to finish his audience.

The Life of Zoilus

He was nevertheless heard quietly for some time, till the king seeing no end of his abusing the prince of philolophical learning, (as Vitruvius words it) departed in disdain. The judges followed, deriding his attempt as an extravagance which could not demand their gravity; and the people taking a licence from the precedent, hooted him away with obloquy and indignation. Thus ZOILUS failed at his first appearance, and was forced to retire, stung with a most impatient sense of public contempt.

Yet notwithstanding all this, he did not omit his attendance at court on the day following, with a petition that he might be put upon the establishment of learning, and allowed a pension. This the king read, but returned no answer: so great was the scorn he conceived against him. But ZOILUS still undauntedly renewed his petitions, till Ptolemy, being weary of his persecution, gave him a flat denial. HOMER (says the prince) who has been dead these thousand years, has maintained thousands of people; and ZOILUS, who boasts he has more wit than he, ought not only to maintain himself, but many others also.

His petitions being thrown carelessly about, were fallen into the hands of men of wit, whom, according to his custom, he had provoked, and whom it is unsafe to provoke, if you would live unexposed. I can compare them to nothing more properly, than to the bee, a creature winged and lively, fond to rove thro' the choicest flowers of nature, and blest at home among the sweets of its own composition: not ill-

natured, yet quick to revenge an injury; not wearing its sting out of the sheath; yet able to wound more sorely than its appearance would threaten. Now these being made personal enemies by his malicious expressions, the court rung with petitions of ZOILUS transversed; new petitions drawn up for him; catalogues of his merits, supposed to be collected by himself; his complaints of man's injustice set to a harp out of tune, and a hundred other sports of fancy, with which their epigrams played upon him. These were the ways of writing which ZOILUS hated, because they were not only read, but retained easily, by reason of their spirit, humour, and brevity; and because they not only make the man a jest upon whom they are written, but a farther jest, if he attempt to answer them gravely. However, he did what he could in revenge; he endeavoured to set those whom he envied at variance among themselves; and invented lies to promote his design. He told Eratosthenes, that Callimachus said, his extent of learning consisted but in a superficial knowledge of the sciences; and whispered Callimachus, that Eratosthenes only allowed him to have an artful habitual knack of versifying. He would have made Aristophanes believe, that Theocritus rallied his knowledge in editions as a curious kind of trifling; and Theocritus, that Aristophanes derided the rustical simplicity of his shepherds. That of all his stories, that which he most valued himself for, was his constant report, that every one whom he

hated

hated was a friend of Antiochus king of Syria, the enemy of Ptolemy.

But malice is unsuccessful when the character of its agent is known: they grew more friends to one another, by imagining, that even what had been said, as well as what had not, was all of ZOILUS's invention; and as he grew more and more the common jest, their derision of him became a kind of life and cement to their conversation.

Contempt, poverty, and other misfortunes had now so assaulted him, that even they who abhorred his temper, contributed something to his support, in common humanity. Yet still his envy, like a vitiated stomach, converted every kindness to the nourishment of his disease; and it was the whole business of his life to revile HOMER, and those by whom he himself subsisted. In this humour he had days, which were so given up to impatient ill-nature, that he could neither write any thing, nor converse with any one. These he sometimes employed in throwing stones at children; which was once so unhappily returned upon him, that he was taken up for dead; and this occasioned the report in some authors, of his being stoned to death in Ægypt. Or, sometimes he conveyed himself into the library, where he blotted the name of HOMER wherever he could meet it, and tore the best editions of several volumes; for which the librarians debarred him the privilege of that place. These and other mischiefs made him universally shunned; nay, to such an extravagance was his

character of envy carried, that the more superstitious Egyptians imagined they were fascinated by him, if the day were darker, or themselves a little heavier than ordinary; some wore sprigs of rue, by way of prevention; and others, rings made of the hoof of a wild ass for amulets, lest they should suffer, by his fixing an eye upon them.

It was now near the time, when that splendid temple which Ptolemy built in honour of HOMER, was to be opened with a solemn magnificence: for this the men of genius were employed in finding a proper pageant. At last, they agreed by one consent, to have ZOLLUS, the utter enemy of HOMER, hanged in effigie; and the day being come, it was in this manner they formed the procession. Twelve beautiful boys, lightly habited in white, with purple wings representing the hours, went on the foremost; after these came a chariot exceeding high and stately, where sat one representing Apollo, with another at his feet, who in this pomp sustained the person of HOMER: Apollo's laurel had little gilded points, like the appearance of rays between its leaves; HOMER's was bound with a blue fillet, like that which is worn by the priests of the deity: Apollo was distinguished by the golden harp he bore; HOMER, by a volume, richly beautified with horns of inlaid ivory, and tassels of silver depending from them. Behind these came three chariots, in which rode nine damsels, each of them with that instrument which is proper to each of the Muses; among whom,

whom, Calliope, to give her the honour of the day, fate in the middle of the second chariot, known by her richer vestments. After these marched a solemn train aptly habited, like those sciences with acknowledge their rise or improvement from this poet. Then the men of learning who attended the court, with wreaths, and rods, or scepters of laurel, as taking upon themselves the representation of Rhapsodists, to do honour, for the time, to Homer. In the rear of all was slowly drawn along an odd carriage, rather than a chariot, which had its sides artfully turned, and carved so as to bear a resemblance to the heads of snarling mastiffs. In this was borne, as led in triumph, a tall image of deformity, whose head was bald, and wound about with needles for a chaplet. The tongue lay lolling out, to shew a contempt of mankind, and was forked at the end, to confess its love to detraction. The hands were manacled behind, and the fingers armed with long nails, to cut deep through the margins of authors. Its vesture was of the paper of Nilus, bearing inscribed upon its breast in capital letters, *ZOILUS the HOMERO-MASTIX*; and all the rest of it was scrawled with various monsters of that river, as emblems of those productions with which that critic used to fill his papers. When they had reached the temple, where the king and his court were already placed to behold them from its galleries, the image of ZOILUS was hung upon a gibbet, there erected for it, with such loud acclamations

clamations as witnessed the people's satisfaction. This being finished, the Hours knocked at the gates, which flew open, and discovered the statue of HOMER magnificently seated, with the pictures of those cities which contended for his birth, ranged in order around him. Then they who represented the deities in the procession, laying aside their ensigns of divinity, ushered in the men of learning with a sound of voices, and their various instruments, to assist at a sacrifice in honour of Apollo and his favourite HOMER.

It may be easily believed, that ZORUS concluded his affairs were at the utmost point of desperation in Egypt; wherefore, filled with pride, scorn, anger, vexation, envy, (and whatever could torment him, except the knowledge of his unworthiness) he flung himself on board the first ship which left that country. As it happened, the vessel he sailed in was bound for Asia Minor, and this landing him at a port the nearest to Smyrna, he was a little pleased amidst his misery, to think of decrying HOMER in another place where he was adored, and which chiefly pretended to his birth. So incorrigible was his disposition, that no experience taught him any thing which might contribute to his ease and safety.

And as his experience wrought nothing on him, so neither did the accidents, which the opinion of those times took for ominous warnings; for, he is reported to have seen, the night he came to Smyrna, a venerable person, such as HOMER is described by

anti.

antiquity, threatening him in a dream: and in the morning he found a part of his works gnawed by mice, which, says *Ælian*, are of all beasts the most prophetic; insomuch that they know when to leave a house, even before its fall is suspected. Envy, which has no relaxation, still hurried him forward; for it is certainly true, that a man has not firmer resolution from reason, to stand by a good principle, than obstinacy from perverted nature, to adhere to a bad one.

In the morning, as he walked the street, he observed in some places inscriptions concerning *HOMER*, which informed him where he lived, where he had taught school, and several other particularities which the *Smyrneans* glory to have recorded of him; all which awakened and irritated the passions of *ZOILUS*. But his temper was quite overthrown, by the venerable appearance which he saw, upon entering the *Homereum*; which is a building composed of a library, porch, and temple erected to *HOMER*. Here a phrenzy seized him which knew no bounds; he raved violently against the poet, and all his admirers; he trampled on his works, he spurned about his commentators, he tore down his busts from the niches, threw the medals that were cast of him out of the windows, and passing from one place to another, beat the aged priests, and broke down the altar. The cries which were occasioned by this means brought in many upon him; who observed with horror how the most sacred honours

nours of their city were profaned by the frantic impiety of a stranger; and immediately dragged him to punishment before their magistrates, who were then sitting. He was no sooner there, but known for Zoilus by some in court, a name a long time most hateful to Smyrna; which, as it valued itself upon the birth of HOMER, so bore more impatiently, than other places, the abuses offered him. This made them eager to propitiate his shade, and claim to themselves a second merit by the death of Zoilus; wherefore they sentenced him to suffer by fire, as the due reward of his execrations; and ordered that their city should be purified by a lustration, for having entertained so impious a guest. In pursuance to this sentence, he was led away, with his compositions borne before him by the public executioner: then was he fastened to the stake, prophesying all the while, how many should arise to revenge his quarrel: particularly, that when Greek should be no more a language, there shall be a nation which will both translate HOMER into prose, and contract him in verse. At last, his compositions were lighted to set the pile on fire, and he expired sighing for the loss of them, more than for the pain he suffered: And perhaps too, because he might foresee in his prophetic rapture, that there should arise a poet in another nation, able to do HOMER justice, and make him known amongst his people to future ages.

Thus

Thus died this noted critic, of whom we may observe, from the course of the history, that as several cities contended for the honour of the birth of HOMER, so several have contended for the honour of the death of ZORUS. With him likewise perished his great work on the Iliad, and the Odyssey; concerning which we observe also, that as the known worth of HOMER's poetry makes him survive himself with glory; so the bare memory of ZORUS's criticism makes him survive himself with infamy. These are deservedly the consequences of that ill-nature which made him fond of detraction; that envy, which made him choose so excellent a character for its object; and those partial methods of injustice with which he treated the object he had chosen.

Yet how many commence critics after him, upon the same unhappy principles? how many labour to destroy the monuments of the dead, and summon up the great from their graves, to answer for trifles before them? how many, by misrepresentations, both hinder the world from favouring men of genius, and discourage them in themselves; like boughs of a baneful and barren nature, that shoot a-cross a fruit-tree; at once to screen the sun from it, and hinder it by their droppings from producing any thing of value? But if these, who thus follow ZORUS, meet not the same severities of fate, because they come short of his indefatigableness, or their object is not so universally the concern of mankind; they shall nevertheless meet a proportion

tion of it in the inward trouble they give themselves, and the outward contempt others fling upon them: a punishment which every one has hitherto felt, who has really deserved to be called a ZOILUS; and which will always be the natural reward of such mens actions, as long as ZOILUS is the proper name of Envy.

THE REMARKS

OF ZŌILUS.

*Ingenium magni livor detractat amici,
Quisquis ex illo, Zoile, nomen habes.*

IMUST do my reader the justice, before I enter upon these notes of ZŌILUS, to inform him, that I have not in any author met this work ascribed to him by its title, which has made me not mention it in the LIFE. But thus much in general appears, that he wrote several things besides his censure on the Iliad, which, as it gives ground for this opinion, encourages me to offer an account of the treatise.

Being acquainted with a grave gentleman who searches after editions, purchases manuscripts, and collects copies, I applied to him for some editions of this poem, which he readily obliged me with. But, added he, taking down a paper, I doubt I shall discourage you from your translation, when I shew this work,

work, which is written upon the original, by ZÖILUS, the famous adversary of HOMER. ZÖILUS! said I, with surprize, I thought his works had long since perished. They have so, answered he, all, except this little piece, which has a PREFACE annexed to it accounting for its preservation. It seems, when he parted from Macedon, he left this behind him where he lodged, and where no one entered for a long time, in detestation of the odiousness of his character, 'till Mævius arriving there in his travels, and being desirous to lie in the same room, luckily found it, and brought it away with him. This the author of the preface imagines the reason of Horace's wishing Mævius in the 10th Epode, such a shipwreck as HOMER describes; as it were with an eye to his having done something disadvantageous to that poet. From Mævius, the piece came into the hand of Carbillus Pictor, (who, when he wrote against Virgil, called his book, with a respectful imitation of ZÖILUS, the *Eneidomastix*) and from him into the hands of others who are unknown, because the world applied to them no other name than that of ZÖILUS, in order to sink their own in oblivion. Thus it ever found some learned philologist or critic to keep it secret, from the rage of HOMER's admirers; yet not so secret, but that it has still been communicated among the *litterati*. I am of opinion, that our great Scaliger borrowed it, to work him up when he writ so sharply against Cardan; and perhaps Le Clerc

Clerc too, when he proved Q. Curtius ignorant of every particular branch of learning.

This formal account made me give attention to what the book contained; and I must acknowledge that whether it be his, or the work of some grammarian, it appears to be writ in his spirit. The open profession of enmity to great geniuses, and the fear of nothing so much, as that he may not be able to find faults enough, are such resemblances of his strongest features, that any one might take it for his own production. To give the world a notion of this, I have made a collection of some REMARKS, which most struck me, during that short time in which I was allowed to peruse the manuscript.

Book I. page 65. ver. 1.

TO fill my rising song] As Protagoras the Sophist found fault with the beginning of the *Iliad*, for its speaking to the Muse rather with an abrupt command, than a solemn invocation: so I, says ZOLLUS, do on the other hand find fault with him for using any invocation at all before this poem; or any such trifles as he is author of. If he must use one, Protagoras is in the right; if not, I am: This I hold for true criticism, notwithstanding the opinion of Aristotle against us. Nor let any one lay a stress on Aristotle in this point; he, alas! knows nothing of poetry but what he has read in HOMER; his rules are all extracted from him, or found-

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ed in him. In short, HOMER's works are the examples of Aristotle's precepts, and Aristotle's precepts the methods HOMER wrought by. From hence it is to be concluded as the opinion of this critic, that whoever would entirely destroy the reputation of HOMER, must renounce the authority of Aristotle before-hand. The rules of building may be of service to us, if we design to judge of an edifice, and discover what may be amiss in it for the advantage of future artificers; but they are of no use to those who only intend to overthrow it utterly.

After the word [*Song*] in the first line, the original adds, [*What I have written in my tablets*]. These words, which are dropped in the translation as of no consequence, the Great ZOILUS has thought fit to expunge; asserting for a reason, without backing it with farther proof, *That tablets were not of so early invention*. Now, it must be granted, this manner of proving by affirmation is of an extraordinary nature, but however, it has its end with a set of readers for whom it is adapted. One part of the world knows not with what assurance another part can express itself. They imagine a reasonable creature will not have the face to say any thing which has not some shadow of reason to support it; and run implicitly into the snare which is laid for good nature, by these daring authors of definitive sentences upon bare assertion.

BOOK I. page 66. ver. 11. *Whom Cats pursu'd.*]
The Greek word here expressly signifies a Cat: ZOILUS,

LUS, whom Perizonius follows, affirms, *It was Weezles which the Mouse fled from*; and then objects against its probability. But it is common with one sort of critics, to shew an author means differently from what he really did, and then to prove, that the meaning which they find out for him is good for nothing.

BOOK I. page 56. ver. II. *If worthy friendship.* In this proposal begins the moral of the whole piece, which is, that hasty, ill-founded or unnatural friendships and leagues, will naturally end in war and discord. But ZOILUS, who is here mightily concerned to take off from HOMER all the honour of having designed a moral, asserts on the other hand, *That the poet's whole intent was to make a fable; that a fable he has made, and one very idle and trifling; that many things are ascribed to HOMER, which poor HOMER never dreamed of; and he who finds them out rather shews his own parts than discovers his author's beauties.* In this opinion has he been followed by several of those critics, who only dip into authors when they have occasion to write against them: and yet even these shall speak differently concerning the writers, if the question be of their own performances; for to their own works they write prefaces, to display the grandness of the moral, regularity of the scheme, number and brightness of the figures, and a thousand other excellencies, which if they did not tell, no one would ever imagine. For others, they write Remarks, which tend to contract their excellencies within the

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narrow compass of their partial apprehension. It were well if they could allow such to be as wise as themselves, whom the world allows to be much wiser : but their being naturally friends to themselves, and professedly adversaries to some greater genius, easily accounts for these different manners of speaking. I will not leave this note, without giving you an instance of its practice in the great Julius Scaliger : he has been free enough with HOMER in the remarks he makes upon him ; but when he speaks of himself, I desire my reader would take notice of his modesty ; I give his own words, lib. 3. poet. cap. 112. *In Deum Patrem hymnum cum scriberemus, tanquam rerum omnium conditorem, ab orbis ipsius creatione ad nos nostraque usque duximus. — In quo abduximus animum nostrum à corporis carcere ad liberos campos contemplationis, quæ me in illum transformaret. Tum autem sanctissimi Spiritus ineffabilis vigor ille tanto ardore celebratus est, ut cum lenissimis numeris esset inchoatus hymnus, repentino divini ignis impetu conflagravit.*

BOOK I. page 57. ver. 19. *The circled Loaves.* ZOIUS here finds fault with the mention of *Loaves, Tripes, Bacon, and Cheese*, as words below the dignity of the epic, as much (says he) as it would be to have opprobrious names given in it. By which expression we easily see, he hints at the first book of the *Iliad*. Now, we must consider in answer, that it is a mouse which is spoken of, that eating is the most appearing characteristic of that creature, that these foods are such as please it most, and to have described particu-
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lar pleasures for it in any other way, would have been as incongruous, as to have described a haughty loud anger without those names which it throws out in its fierceness, and which raise it to its pitch of phrenzy. In the one instance you still see a Mouse before you, however the poet raises it to a man; in the other you shall see a man before you; however the poet raises him to a Demi-God. But some call that low, which others call natural. Every thing has two handles, and the critic who sets himself to censure all he meets, is under an obligation still to lay hold on the worst of them.

BOOK I. page 59. ver. 1. *But me, nor stalks.*] In this place ZOILUS laughs at the ridiculousness of the poet, who (according to the representation) makes a prince refuse an invitation in heroic, because he did not like the meat he was invited to. And that the ridicule may appear in as strong a light to others as to himself, he puts as much of the speech as concerns it into burlesque airs and expressions. This is indeed a common trick with Remarkers, which they either practise by precedent from their master ZOILUS, or are beholden for it to the same turn of temper. We acknowledge it a fine piece of satire, when there is folly in a passage, to lay it open in a way by which it naturally requires to be exposed: do this handsomely, and the author is deservedly a jest. If, on the contrary, you dress a passage which was not originally foolish, in the highest humour of ridicule, you only frame something which the author himself might

laugh at, without being more nearly concerned than another reader.

BOOK I. page 60. ver. 9. *So pass'd Europa.*] This simile makes ZOILUS, who sets up for a professed enemy of fables, to exclaim violently. *We had, says he, a Frog and a Mouse hitherto, and now we get a Bull and a Princess to illustrate their actions: when will there be an end of this fabling-folly and poetry, which I value myself for being unacquainted with? O great Polycrates, how happily hast thou observed in thy accusation against Socrates, That whatever he was before, he deserved his poison when he began to make verses!* Now, if the question be concerning HOMER's good or bad poetry, this is an unqualifying speech, which affords his friends just grounds of exception against the critic. Wherefore, be it known to all present and future censors, who have, or shall presume to glory in an ignorance of poetry, and at the same time take upon them to judge of poets, they are in all their degrees for ever excluded the post they would usurp. In the first place, they who know neither the use, nor practice of the art; in the second, they who know it but by halves, who have hearts insensible of the beauties of poetry, and are however able to find fault by rules: and thirdly, they who, when they are capable of perceiving beauties and pointing out defects, are still so ignorant in the nature of their business, as to imagine the province of criticism extends itself only on the side of dispraise and reprehension. How could any one at this rate be seen with
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his proper balance of perfection and error? or what were the best performances in this indulgence of ill-nature, but as apartments hung with the deformities of humanity, done by some great hand, which are abhorred, because the praise and honour they receive, results from the degree of uneasiness, to which they put every temper of common goodness?

BOOK I. page 61. ver. 16. *Ye Mice, ye Mice.*] The ancients believed that heroes were turned into Demi-Gods at their deaths; and in general, that departing souls have something of a sight into futurity. It is either this notion, or a care which the Gods may take to abate the pride of insulting adversaries, which a poet goes upon, when he makes his leaders die, foretelling the end of those by whom they are slain. ZOILUS however is against this passage. He says, *That every character ought to be strictly kept; that a General ought not to invade the character of a Prophet, nor a Prophet of a General.* He is positive, *That nothing should be done by any one, without having been hinted at in some previous account of him.* And this he asserts, without any allowance made either for a change of states, or the design of the Gods. To confirm this observation, he strengthens it with a quotation out of his larger work on the Iliad, where he has these words upon the death of Hector: *How foolish is it in HOMER to make Hector (who through the whole course of the Iliad had made use of Helenus, to learn the will of the Gods) become a prophet just at his death? Let every*

one be what he ought, without falling into those parts which others are to sustain in a poem. This he has said, not distinguishing rightly between our natural dispositions and accidental offices. And this he has said again, not minding, that though it be taken from another book, it is still from the same author. However, vanity loves to gratify itself by the repetition of what it esteems to be written with spirit, and even when we repeat it ourselves, provided another hears us. Hence has he been followed by a magisterial set of men who quote themselves, and swell their new performances with what they admire in their former treatises. This is a most extraordinary knack of arguing, whereby a man can never want a proof, if he be allowed to become an authority for his own opinion.

Book I. page 62. ver. 12. *And no kind bilbow.]* How impertinent is this case of pity, says ZOILUS, to bemoan, that the prince was not tossed towards land: it is enough he lost his life, and there is an end of his suffering where there is an end of his feeling. To carry the matter farther is just the same foolish management as HOMER has shewn in his Iliad, which he spins out into forty trifles beyond the death of Hector. But the critic must allow me to put the reader in mind, that death was not the last distress the ancients believed was to be met upon earth. The last was the remaining unburied, which had this misery annexed, that while the body was without its funeral-rites in this world, the soul was supposed to be without rest

in the next; which was the case of the Mouse before us. And accordingly the Ajax of Sophocles continues after the death of its hero more than an act, upon the contest concerning his burial. All this ZOILUS knew very well: but ZOILUS is not the only one, who disputes for victory rather than truth. These foolish critics write even things they themselves can answer, to shew how much they can write against an author. They act unfairly, that they may be sure to be sharp enough; and trifle with the reader, in order to be voluminous. It is needless to wish them the return they deserve: their disregard to candour is no sooner discovered, but they are for ever banished from the eyes of men of sense, and condemned to wander from stall to stall, for a temporary refuge from that oblivion which they cannot escape.

BOOK II. page 63. ver. 5. *Our Eldest perisb'd.* ZOILUS has here taken the recapitulation of those misfortunes which happened to the royal family, as an impertinence that expatiates from the subject; though indeed there seems nothing more proper to raise that sort of compassion, which was to inflame his audience to war. But what appears extremely pleasant is, that at the same time he condemns the passage, he should make use of it as an opportunity, to fall into an ample digression on the various kinds of Mouse-traps, and display that minute learning which every critic of his sort is fond to shew himself master of. This they imagine is tracing of knowledge through
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its hidden viens, and bringing discoveries to daylight, which time hath covered over. Indefatigable and useless mortals ! who value themselves for knowledge of no consequence, and think of gaining applause by what the reader is careful to pass over unread. What did the disquisition signify formerly, whether Ulysses's son, or his dog, was the elder ? or how can the account of a vesture, or a player's masque, deserve that any should write the bulk of a treatise, or others read it when it is written ? A vanity thus poorly supported, which neither affords pleasure nor profit, is the unsubstantial amusement of a dream to ourselves, and a provoking occasion of our derision to others.

Book II. page 63. ver. 19, 20. *Quills aptly bound
—Fac'd with the plunder of a Cat they slay'd.*] This passage is something difficult in the original, which gave ZOLLUS the opportunity of inventing an expression, which his followers conceitedly use when any thing appears dark to them. *This*, say they, let *Phæbus* explain ; as if what exceeds their capacity must of necessity demand oracular interpretations, and an interposal of the God of wit and learning. The basis of such arrogance is the opinion they have of that knowledge they ascribe to themselves. They take criticism to be beyond every other part of learning, because it gives judgment upon books written in every other part. They think in consequence, that every critic must be a greater genius than any author whom he censures ; and therefore
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if they esteem themselves critics, they sit enthroned in fancy at the head of literature. Criticism indeed deserves a noble elogy, when it is enlarged by such a comprehensive learning as Aristotle and Cicero were masters of; when it adorns its precepts with the consummate exactness of Quintilian, or is exalted into the sublime sentiments of Longinus. But let not such men tell us they participate in the glory of these great men, and place themselves next to Phoebus, who, like ZOILUS, entangle an author in the wrangles of grammarians, or try him with a positive air and barren imagination, by the set of rules they have collected out of others.

Book II. page 64. ver. 13. *Ye Frogs, the Mice.*]

At the speech of the heralds, which recites the cause of the war, ZOILUS is angry with the author, *for not finding out a cause entirely just; for, says he, it appears not from his own fable, that Phrygnathus invited the prince with any malicious intention to make him away.* To this we answer, 1st, That it is not necessary in relating facts to make every war have a just beginning. 2dly, This doubtful cause agrees better with the moral, by shewing that ill-founded leagues have accidents to destroy them, even without the intention of parties. 3dly, There was all appearance imaginable against the Frogs; and if we may be allowed to retort on our adversary the practice of his posterity, there is more humanity in an hostility proclaimed upon the appearance of injustice done us, than in their custom of attacking the works
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of others as soon as they come out, purely because they are esteemed to be good. Their performances, which could derive no merit from their own names; are then sold upon the merit of their antagonist: and if they are so sensible of fame, or even of envy, they have the mortification to remember, how much by this means they became indebted to those they injure.

Book II. page 65. ver. 13. *Where high the Banks:]* This project is not put in practice during the following battle, by reason of the fury of the combatants: yet the mention of it is not impertinent in this place, soasmuch as the probable face of success which it carries with it tended to animate the Frogs. Zoilus however cannot be so satisfied; *It were better,* says he, *to cut it entirely out, nor would HOMER be the worse, if half of him were served in the same manner;* so, continues he, *they will find it, whoever in any country shall hereafter undertake so odd a task, as that of translating him.* Thus envy finds words to put in the mouth of ignorance; and the time will come, when ignorance shall repeat what envy has pronounced so rashly.

Book II. page 66. ver. 13. *And tap'ring Sedge reeds.]* If we here take the reed for that of our own growth, it is no spear to match the long sort of needles, with which the Mice had armed themselves; but the cane, which is rather intended, has its splinters stiff and sharp, to answer all the uses of a spear in battle. Nor is it here to be lightly past over,

over, since ZOILUS moves a question upon it, that the poet could not choose a more proper weapon for the Frogs, than that which they choose for themselves in a defensive war they maintain with the serpents of Nile. They have this stratagem, says *Ælian*, to protect themselves; they swim with pieces of cane a-cross their mouths, of too great a length for the breadth of the serpents throats; by which means they are preserved from being swallowed by them. This is a quotation so much to the point, that I ought to have ushered in my author with more pomp to dazzle the reader. ZOILUS and his followers, who seldom praise any man, are however careful to do it for their own sakes, if at any time they get an author of their opinion: though indeed it must be allowed, they still have a draw-back in their manner of praise, and rather choose to drop the name of their man, or darkly hint him in a periphrasis, than to have it appear that they have directly assisted the perpetuating of any one's memory. Thus, if a Dutch critic were to introduce, for example, *Martial*, he would, instead of naming him, say, *Ingeniosus ille epigrammaticus bilbilicus*. Or, if one of our own were to quote from among ourselves, he would tell us how it has been remarked in the works of a learned writer, to whom the world is obliged for many excellent productions, &c. All which proceeding is like boasting of our great friends, when it is to do ourselves an honour, or the shift of dressing up one who might otherwise be disregarded,

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to make him pass upon the world for a responsible voucher to our own assertions.

Book II. page 66. ver. 17. *But now where Jove's.*] At this fine episode, in which the Gods are introduced, ZOILUS has no patience left him to remark; but runs some lines with a long string of such expressions as *trickster, fabler, liar, foolish, impious*, all which he lavishly heaps upon the poet. From this knack of calling names, joined with the several arts of finding fault, it is to be suspected, that our ZOILUS might make very able libellers, and dangerous men to the government, if they did not rather turn themselves to be ridiculous censors: for which reason I cannot but reckon the state obliged to men of wit; and under a kind of debt in gratitude, when they take off so much spleen, turbulency, and ill-nature, as might otherwise spend itself to the detriment of the public.

Book II. page 67. ver. 13. *If my Daughter's mind.*] This speech, which Jupiter speaks to Pallas with a pleasant kind of air, ZOILUS takes gravely to pieces; and affirms, *It is below Jupiter's wisdom, and only agreeable with HOMER's folly, that he should borrow a reason for her assisting the Mice from their attendance in the temple, when they waited to prey upon those things which were sacred to her.* But the air of the speech rendered a grave answer unnecessary; I shall only offer ZOILUS an observation in return for his. There are upon the stone which is carved for the Apotheosis of HOMER, figures of Mice by his

footstool, which, according to Cuperus, its interpreter, some have taken to signify this poem; and others those critics, which tear or vilify the works of great men. Now, if such can be compared to Mice, let the words of ZOILUS be brought home to himself and his followers for their mortification: *That no one ought to think of meriting in the state of learning, only by debasing the best performances, and as it were preying upon those things which should be sacred in it.*

[BOOK II: page 68. ver. 1. *In vain my father.*] The speech of Pallas is disliked by ZOILUS, because it makes the Goddess carry a resentment against such inconsiderable creatures; though he ought to esteem them otherwise when they represent the persons and actions of men, and teach us how the Gods disregard those in their adversities who provoke them in prosperity. But, if we consider Pallas as the patroness of learning, we may by an allegorical application of the Mice and Frogs, find in this speech two sorts of enemies to learning; they who are maliciously mischievous, as the Mice; and they who are turbulent through ostentation, as the Frogs. The first are enemies to excellency upon principle; the second accidentally by the error of self-love, which does not quarrel with the excellence itself, but only with those people who get more praise than themselves by it. Thus, though they have not the same perverseness with the others, they are however drawn into the same practices, while they ruin reputations,

putations, lest they should not seem to be learned; as some women turn prostitutes, lest they should not be thought handsome enough to have admirers.

[Book III. page 70. ver. 5. *Their dreadful Trumpets.*] Upon the reading of this, ZOLLUS becomes full of discoveries. He recollects, that HOMER makes his Greeks come to battle with silence, and his Trojans with shouts, from whence he discovers, that he knew nothing of trumpets. Again, he sees, that the hornet is made a trumpeter to the battle, and hence he discovers, that the line must not be HOMER's. Now had he drawn his consequences fairly, he could only have found by the one, that trumpets were not in use at the taking of Troy; and by the other, that the battle of Frogs and Mice was laid by the poet for a later scene of action than that of the Iliad. But the boast of discoveries accompanies the affectation of knowledge; and the affectation of knowledge is taken up with a design to gain a command over the opinions of others. It is too heavy a task for some critics to sway our rational judgments by rational inferences; a pompous pretence must occasion admiration, the eyes of mankind must be obscured by a glare of pedantry, that they may consent to be less blindfold, and permit that an opinion should be dictated to them without demanding that they may be reasoned into it.

[Book III. page 71. ver. 8. *And big Scutlaus tumbling.*] ZOLLUS has happened to brush the dust off some old manuscript, in which the line that kills
Scutlaus

Scutellus is wanting. And for this cause he fixes a general conclusion, that there is no dependence upon any thing which is handed down from HOMER's, so as to allow it praise; since the different copies vary among themselves. But is it fair in ZOTIUS, or any of his followers, to oppose one copy to a thousand? and are they impartial who would pass this upon us for an honest balance of evidence? when there is such an inequality on each side, is it not more than probable that the number carry the author's sense in them, and the single one its transcriber's errors? It is folly or madness of passion to be thus given over to partiality and prejudices. Men may flourish as much as they please concerning the value of a new found edition, in order to bias the world to particular parts of it; but in a matter easily decided by common sense, it will still continue of its own opinion.

Book III. page 73. ver. 13. *With Barbocætes fights.* Through the grammatical part of ZOTIUS's work he frequently rails at HOMER for his dialects. These, says he in one place, the poet made use of because he could not write pure Greek; and in another, they strangely contributed to his fame, by making several cities who observed something of their own in his mixed language, contend for his being one of their natives. Now since I have here practised a licence in imitation of his, by shortening the word Barbocætes a whole syllable, it seems a good opportunity to speak for him where I defend myself. Remember then, that

that any great genius who introduces poetry into a language, has a power to polish it, and of all the manners of speaking then in use, to settle that for poetical which he judges most adapted to the art. Take notice too, that HOMER has not only done this for necessity but for ornament, since he uses various dialects to humour his sense with sounds which are expressive in it. Thus much in behalf of my author to answer ZOILUS: as for myself, who deal with his followers, I must argue from necessity, that the word was stubborn, and would not ply to the quantities of an English verse, and therefore I altered it by the dialect we call poetical, which makes my line so much smoother, that I am ready to cry with their brother Lipsius, when he turned an O into an I, *Vel ego me amo, vel me amavit Phæbus, quando hoc correxi.* To this let me add a recrimination upon some of them: as first, such as choose words written after the manner of those who preceded the purest age of a language, without the necessity I have pleaded, as *regundi* for *regendi*, *perduit* for *perdidit*, which restoration of obsolete words deserves to be called a critical licence or dialect. 2dly, Those who pretending to verse without an ear, use the poetical dialect of abbreviation, so that the lines shall run the rougher for it. And, 3dly, Those who presume by their critical licences to alter the spellings of words; an affectation which destroys the etymology of a language, and being

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carried on by private hands for fancy or fashion, would be a thing we should never have an end of.

BOOK III. page 87. ver. 13. *Nor Pallas, Jove.]* I cannot, says ZOILUS, but reflect upon the speech of Mars, where a mouse is opposed to the God of war, the Goddess of valour, the thunder of Jupiter, and all the Gods at once; but I rejoice to think that Pythagoras saw HOMER's soul in hell hanging on a tree, and surrounded with serpents for what he said of the Gods. Thus he who hates fables answers one with another, and can rejoice in them when they flatter his envy. He appears at the head of his Squadron of critics in the full spirit of one utterly devoted to a party; with whom truth is a lie, or as bad as a lie, when it makes against him; and false quotations pass for truth, when they are necessary to a cause.

BOOK III. page 90. ver. 7. *And a whole War.]* Here, says ZOILUS, is an end of a very foolish poem, of which by this time I have effectually convinced the world, and silenced all such for the future, who, like HOMER, write fables to which others find morals, characters whose justness is questioned, unnecessary digressions, and impious episodes. But what assurance can such as ZOILUS have, that the world will ever be convinced against an established reputation, by such people whose faults in writing are so very notorious? who judge against rules, affirm without reasons, and censure without manners? who quote themselves for a support of little opinions, found their pride

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upon a learning in trifles, and their superiority upon the claims they magisterially make? who write of beauties in a harsh stile, judge of excellency with lowness of spirit, and pursue their desire to decry it with every artifice of envy? There is no disgrace in being censured, where there is no credit to be favoured. But, on the contrary, envy gives a testimony of some perfection in another; and one who is attacked by many, is like a hero whom his enemies acknowledge for such, when they point all the spears of a battle against him. In short, an author who writes for every age, may even erect himself a monument of those stones which envy throws at him: while the critic who writes against him, can have no fame, because he had no success; or if he fancies he may succeed, he should remember, that by the nature of his undertaking, he would but undermine his own foundation; for he is to sink of course when the book which he writes against, and for which alone he is read, is lost in disrepute or oblivion.



FINIS

